

Prologue

PROLOGUE PREFACE TO THE ALIEN GARDEN

AT RISE: A DIM LIGHT COMES UP ON LISA BODY IN HER WORK FATIGUES. SHE LOOKS AROUND, MAKING SURE THE COAST IS CLEAR. SHE TAKES OUT A CAN OF SPRAY PAINT AND BEGINS MARKING THE TURF WITH HER GRAFITI, REPRESENTING HER SET. A GANGSTA RAP BASS LINE PLAYS OVER THE HOUSE.

LISA BODY Git yo' name off my wall mothafucka. I'm crossing out every name that don't belong on this mothafucka. I'm crossing out every crab set that hasn't earned the right to exist in this place where I dwell. This little eyesore is an Alien Garden. You see, I run with the crips. . .from the planet Krypton. Yeah mothafucka. . .that ET is talkin' to me. I got my dank on. I got my drank on. 'Bout to get my bank on. I'm on a mission--representin'. . . What set I'm claiming? Slangin' Zulus. . .I'm flossing blue colors. Wearin' blue rags, salutin' blue flags. Straight Zulu mafia for life. You don't git no hidden agenda when you deal with me. You see--there's two ways to git into a gang--when you'sa female G. You can either fuck your way into a set--or you can fight your way in. However you git in--that will mark you for life. You make yo' reputation wid yo' initiation. Me? I had to smoke a nigga!

(LAUGHS) Peelin' a cap on a mothafucka is a trip. . .it be just like playin' cowboys and injuns. . .it be just like blowing away the enemy in a video game--except the shit be so real man--when the blood gits to gushing--and eyes git to bulging with the fear of death making each new heartbeat feel panicked. My blood gets to pumping. I get so excited by the sight of blood, that I wanna squeeze mo' triggers and peel off mo' caps and bury me mo' victims and earn me mo' stripes. So let me git my stroll on and make it right. I'm blood thirsty. . .thirsty for a kill tonight. I'm a babyfaced killer--a nasty wheeler dealer with a lust for new thrills, a craving for new kills. . .scratchin'--bending notes on the wheels of steel. . .living in exile in Babylon. . .I left a pair of ear rings in the space ship I was on. I got "Flygirl" tattooed over my right tit. They say I'm kinda pretty, 'though I don't give a shit. Really doe--doe ray me fa so la tee doe--I didn't join this set playin' myself like a ho' on my back wid my legs spread wide. Didn't need to turn a trick to git inside. All I need to do to stay true to the game is scribble SLANGIN' ZULUS on this wall of fame! Word the fuck up and I'm out!

LISA FLASHES GANG SIGNS, AS SHE GLARES AT THE AUDIENCE. LIGHTS DO A SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

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Act 1

Act 1, Scene 1

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

LIGHTS COME UP ON THE "SLINGING ZULU'S" OFFICE. THE GANG IS GATHERED AROUND A CONFERENCE TABLE AS G ROC PACES BACK AND FORTH PISSED.

G ROC Yo'. . .what time is it now?

CRAZY MIKE 2:35--

G ROC 2:35?! I called a meeting for 2 o'clock! Now where is B Dog and that fool, Sheila?! I'm losing money, every minute they're late!

LISA BODY I gotta 3 o'clock appointment to get my nails done.

ICE PICK You better get that hair re-weaved while you at it.

CRAZY MIKE Where you get this broad from?

G ROC This broad is makin' mo' money than all y'all put together! Now--instead of just sitting here--Let me hear some reports from my officers. Icepick. . .so what's up?

ICE PICK Westside is bumpin'. . .business is jumpin'. . .the product is movin' like a mother--

G ROC Lovely. . .lovely. . .that's what I wanna hear.

B DOG ENTERS:

G ROC B Dog. . .where you been fool?!

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B DOG You s-sent me to get c-c-cigarettes!

G ROC That was an hour ago. S-s-sit yo' ass down, and tell me--what's up on Plymouth?!

B DOG S-SShit's moving slower than a line at the bank on the f-f-first and fifteenth! Them fools must be on st-strstrike!

G ROC Crackheads on strike?! I can't be having that!

B DOG It's them b-baby wannabe g-gangsters--always m-movin' in. . .jacking niggas for they grip when they s-slipping.

ICE PICK You flossing trick ass bustas need to get jacked.

LISA BODY We need to peel a cap on dem suckas.

G ROC Now you're talkin'. Crazy Mike--didn't I tell you to squash that noise on Plymouth?! So what's up, nigga?!

CRAZY MIKE Whatchu mean what's up?

G ROC Are you gonna pop a cap on those fools or what?!

CRAZY MIKE I toldchu I was handlin' it.

G ROC Maybe I should send Flygirl with ya to see that you really do handle it.

CRAZY MIKE

(UNDER HIS BREATH) You gonna send a bitch to do a man's job--

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G ROC Seems like I sent a bitch when I sent you.

CRAZY MIKE I said I dealt with it man! Don't be frontin' on me--

G ROC Yeah. . .well, somebody's slippin' up somewhere. . .and I'm gonna find out, who! If I find out one of y'all is holding out on me. . .heads will have to roll. Fly-girl. . .so what's up in the 'burbs?

LISA BODY Everything's popping like Jiffy-pop. I'm blowin' up so fast I need another hand to count all the money I'm making.

CRAZY MIKE

(UNDER HIS BREATH) You fake-ass fashion show bitch!

G ROC Whatchu say, Mike?!

(PAUSE) Did you say something, Mike? I didn't think so. While you niggas are fucking up, Fly-girl got it goin' on!!

(SEES ICE-PICK SLEEPING) Ice Pick! Wake yo' ass up, and talk to me! And take them damn sunglasses off! You see sun shining in here, mo'fucker?! Look at me, nigga! Are you smokin' up all the product, nigga?

ICE PICK Naw, man.

G ROC Look at me, nigga. . .Look at me! Are you doing me?

ICE PICK Naw, man--

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G ROC You better not be doing me. . . 'cause if you're doing me, I'm gonna do you! You know what I'm saying?! Shit, I ain't playing.

SHEILA ENTERS LOOKING WACK. . .ALL SMACKED UP.

G ROC

(SEEING HER) Well, it's about goddamn time! Where the hell you been, and don't tell me you was at the beauty parlor, 'cause you look wack!!

(PAUSE) Well?

SHEILA I'm late--'cause I just got gaffled--

G ROC

(OVERLAP) Got gaffled?! Whatchu' mean you got gaffled?!

SHEILA I--I got gaffled for \$200.

G ROC Say what?! Who? Goddamn it. . .who?

SHEILA Some dude named Pee Wee. He pulled a gun on me.

(CRIES) He took my money. . .and he took the rocks too.

LISA BODY

(CONSOLING SHEILA) Are you alright, girlfriend?!

G ROC You flossin'--wearin' dat gold--you asking to be gaffled. Now who the fuck is Pee Wee?

CRAZY MIKE I know Pee-Wee. . .

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B DOG

(OVERLAP) P-p-pee-Wee's a p-p-punk. . .

CRAZY MIKE

(OVERLAP) He's cool, man. . .he wouldn't do that. He's my boy. . .my partner. . .one of my best customers.

G ROC I don't wanna hear that! He's gone! He took from me, when he took from Sheila!

(GETS IN SHEILA'S FACE.) And that's comin' out yo' ass!! I will deal with you later! Seems like every other fuck-up got yo' name on it.

CRAZY MIKE Yo' G Roc chill. . .

G ROC G Roc chill?

CRAZY MIKE Yeah. Let the shit slide.

G ROC Let the shit slide?! I'ma let the shit slide--like another homicide, when get into my ride and let the clips fly!

CRAZY MIKE Pee-Wee wouldn't do nuffin' like that. Must be some other cat playin' on his name. . . 'cause that just don't sound like him.

G ROC Everybody get the fuck out of here and get back to work, except Mike and B Dog! Move it, now! Hurry up!

PEOPLE GRUMBLE AS THEY LEAVE. G ROC STANDS, PATIENTLY WAITING FOR THE ROOM TO CLEAR. HE STANDS OVER MIKE.

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G ROC Crazy Mike. . .you really livin' up to yo' name today. How come everytime I say somethin'. . .you gotta contra-fuckin'-dict me? Huh? Why is that? Let it slide!! I can't let nothing slide! You hear me? The Slinging Zulu's got a rep to uphold. If I let one fool slide, I might as well get out of the business,

G ROC 'cause pretty soon punks will be jackin' me on Plymouth. . .Eastside. . .Westside. . .in the Lincoln Projects. Jackin' me for everything I've got. And I can't be having that, 'cause I'ma Slinging Zulu 'til I die mo'fucka--do or die--'til I die!

B DOG Zulu Mafia f-f-for life!!

G ROC Well, there it is. Look like I've got to send these fools another message. Mike. . .I don't want to see yo' face again until this Pee-Wee fool is nothing but another obituary in the paper. Is that clear?! I said, is that clear?

CRAZY MIKE G Roc. . .I'm your brother, man. . .

G ROC You my half brother--

CRAZY MIKE Why I always got to be the one to do your dirty work?

G ROC I know you ain't trying to guilt-trip me with that family smack. . . 'cause I'm out for the money, man. . . you know what I'm saying. When I started comin' up. . . you were the first one on my jock. When it was time to raise up, outta L. A. I was like Moses--leading the flock through the wilderness 'til we came here. . . to Kansas City. I set this shit up! I staked out this turf!

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CRAZY MIKE Nigger--Slick Rick brought us here.

G ROC Mothafucka--Slick Rick was gettin' turned out like a trick knee deep in cold storage, when I found this place. That fancy car you driving. . . I did that for you. Yo' clothes, yo' crib. . . yo' hoochies. . . you wouldn't have none of that if it weren't for me. Now you, can run back home and live with mama and give all of this up. . . or you can do what I say. . . and go ice Pee-Pee. . . Pee-Wee. . . whatever that punk's name is. . .

CRAZY MIKE See. . . that's the tragedy, man. . . you got me icing people, you don't even know. And for what? So you can stack mo' paper?

G ROC PULLS OUT A GLOC 9mm AND AIMS IT AT CRAZY MIKE'S HEAD.

G ROC I'ma stack mo' bodies if you don't shut the fuck up! Yeah, cash rules everythang around me, but this ain't about the paper chase, nigger.

CRAZY MIKE Go ahead--waste me--I'm tired of living like this.

G ROC I wish Slick Rick could see yo' sorry ass now. He brought you into the set--against my will. He figured you for a stone cold killer. But all I could see was the bitch in you. Now get yo' fucking ass out my face before I wet-cha!

(G ROC SLAPS MIKE WITH THE PISTOL.) You better go and do this punk. . . or I'm gonna do you. B Dog. . . go with this fool and make sho' he doesn't fuck-up!! Now both of ya', get the hell out of my face! And give me my cigarettes, nigga.

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B DOG

(TOSSES CIGARETTES TO G ROC) Mmmmm-My bad--

CRAZY MIKE AND B DOG EXIT.

G ROC

(TO THE AUDIENCE) This is my town. . . my empire. The only life I know is hustling. Nobody out here giving brothers nothing, so I go for mine. . . you go for yours. I didn't make these rules up. I'm just another baller, trying to play the game and live. And I'm gonna live as large as I can for as long as I can and if anybody got a problem with that, they better step!!! Straight Zulu Mafia--for life.

G ROC POSES, THROWING UP HIS SET'S GANG SIGNS, WHICH ARE A VARIATION ON THE HAND SIGNS THROWN BY THE EIGHT TRAY CRIPS FROM SOUTH CENTRAL L. A. LIGHTS CROSS FADE, GOING DOWN ON G ROC.

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Act 1, Scene 2

SCENE TWO

LIGHTS COME UP DOWN-STAGE ON CRAZY MIKE AND B DOG SITTING IN A CAR IN FRONT OF PEE WEE'S HOUSE, WAITING FOR HIM TO SHOW UP. THEY GET HIGH, WHILE THEY WAIT. B DOG IS BEHIND THE WHEEL, MIKE IS SITTING SHOTGUN. SNOOP DOGGY DOGG'S "MURDER WAS THE CASE. . ." PLAYS.

CRAZY MIKE Yo' B Dog, man. . .hit this angel dust, G. Angel dust always puts me in the mood for killing.

(PASSES THE JOINT)

B DOG Ye-e-aaaah.

(TAKES A HIT.)

CRAZY MIKE

(A BEAT) Give me back the joint, nigger.

B DOG My bad----

(THEY PASS THE J THRU THE SCENE)

CRAZY MIKE I thought Kansas would be different--open roads, open highways--open spaces--a big blue sky that goes on and on forever. But no, no matter where I go, the slobs are sure to follow. I've seen mo' mothafucking red flags here than I ever saw in L. A. The young hustlers coming up, keep gittin' crazier and crazier or maybe it's just me, gittin' lazier and lazier. I know one thang--I've lost my taste for killing. Even this angel dust don't do the trick no mo'.

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B DOG Come on Cr-Crazy Mike--we g-gotta do what we g-gotta do.

CRAZY MIKE This shit is foul man. . .foul. I hate my brother. . .always sending me to do this shit. He don't give a fuck about life--every living thing is the enemy. . .he don't give a fuck about nuffin 'cept makin' his ends--

B DOG Yeeee-aaah, money. . .

(PASSES THE JOINT BACK)

CRAZY MIKE We had a truce in L. A.--a fucking peace treaty. Now look at us. It's the wild, wild west all over again. I'm sitting here gittin' dusted with my finger on the trigger--

B DOG C-c-cause you'sa born killa.

CRAZY MIKE Whatchu saying? I was born packing a gat?!

B DOG I-I-I s-saying it's yo' nature to kill. It would do you no g-good--to go against yo' nature.

CRAZY MIKE That's foul. . .whatchu saying--that's fucked up! This ain't right man. My brother got me out here wasting people when I'm the one who should be running thangs. There would be no need to be dropping bodies all over town if I was runnin' things. There's enough out here for everybody to git paid without stepping on each other's feet. You know, what I'm saying?

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B DOG Yeah. . .I kn-know whatchu s-s-saying.

CRAZY MIKE We've been sitting out here for two hours. Pee-Wee's never coming--

B DOG H-h-h-h-here c-comes Ppp-pee-Wee now.

CRAZY MIKE GETS OUT OF THE CAR, WITH HIS GUN DRAWN.

CRAZY MIKE Yo' Pee-Wee! Yo' check this out! This is Mike, man.

CRAZY MIKE FIRES SEVERAL ROUNDS AT THE IMAGINARY PEE WEE AND GETS BACK IN THE CAR AS THE LIGHTS DO A FAST FADE TO BLACK. MUSIC PLAYS. END OF SCENE.

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Act 1, Scene 3

SCENE THREE

LIGHTS RISE ON G ROC IN HIS OFFICE KICKING IT WITH LISA AND CANDI.-- CANDI IS DOING LINES OF COKE, WHILE G ROC IS POURING CHAMPAGNE. LISA'S MIND SEEMS FAR, FAR AWAY.

CANDI Come on, G Roc--do a line for me--just one line--

G ROC I want you to listen. Rule number one, a successful slanger never samples his own product. My product is for skeezers like you. So snort to your heart's content. 'Cause you know--we 'bout to jump in the back room and gits super busy. I'm gonna make you earn, everything that goes up your nose. Everything that goes up your nose is coming out yo' ass. Hey Flygirl--

LISA BODY The name is Lisa--

G ROC What's with you tonight? Why you so quiet?

LISA BODY I was just thinking--

G ROC I was just thinking too. Why would a fly sister like you be set-trippin'? Banging and slangin' like there was no tomorrow. Huh? What's up with that?

LISA BODY What else is there to do around here? This place is dead.

G ROC Kansas City be bumpin', G--a nigga can actually breathe.

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LISA BODY I wonder what's it like out there?

G ROC You want me to take you to L. A.?

CANDI G Rock--you promised you'd take me.

G ROC You lucky if I take you 'round the block--B!

LISA BODY No. I wonder what's it like out there!

(POINTS OUT INTO SPACE.) In space? Do you read the bible, G Roc?

G ROC Naw--but I saw the movie--

LISA BODY Have you heard of Ezekiel?

G ROC Ezeeky--who?

LISA BODY The prophet? Ezekiel?

CANDI The Prophets--Ain't that a Blood set?

G ROC You're about a dumb bitch! She's talking 'bout the bible.

(PUSHES CANDI AWAY AND STANDS BEHIND LISA.)

LISA BODY Out beyond where the human eye can see is another galaxy with intelligent life--far more intelligent than we can ever hope to be.

CANDI I told ya--that's one spooky broad--

G ROC You just jealous--

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LISA BODY Once my mama read to me from the bible--all about the prophet Ezekiel, and the visions he was having. She told me about Ezekiel's wheel. . .Ezekiel's wheel, is like a big flying saucer--that comes down from space--with angels on it. Do you believe in aliens?

G ROC That ET shit? Or the one's from Mexico?

CANDI That ET shit was phoney to me. . .but Star Trek was cool.

G ROC You a trekky? Me too? Spock was the bomb. Spock was a nigger if there ever was one.

LISA BODY Star Trek was in on the code. . .but Ezekiel was the one to run it down first. Even George Clinton picked up on it on the "Mothership Connection."

(SINGS) "There's a wheel in the sky going 'round going 'round/with a whole lot of rhythm going down."

CANDI

(SINGS) Oh we want the funk! Gotta have the funk!

LISA BODY You see--I have flown on that big wheel--

G ROC What?

LISA BODY I have made the Mothership Connection--

CANDI I told you she was crazy.

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LISA BODY I have been out there on that ship. I was walking next to the highway, when they came for me. I looked up and saw a windstorm coming from the north. Lightning was flashing from a huge cloud--and the sky--the sky all around it was glowing.

CANDI I think baby's been smoking the product.

LISA BODY A bright bronze wheel shone in the sky. Its bright light shone through me--illuminating my skin. At the center of the storm I saw what looked like four living creatures, almost human in form. Each had four faces and four wings--

G ROC You mean you saw angels?

LISA BODY They were like angels and yet they were human like too, except--they had beastlike hoofs for feet. But one form was different from all the others--it looked like a cyclops--with a big eye in the middle of its forehead and dark skin, and it spoke to me. It said, "You must connect for yourself the similarities between the ancient Mayan ruins and the Pyramids--"

CANDI The Ant Jemima ruins?

LISA BODY A people of a darker hue, explored these waters long before others knew the world was round. Your people communicated with my people and intermingled. I will take you with me to another galaxy and show you your people's tribal markings. Maybe then you will come to some understanding of how your people, gave math and science to the world.

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G ROC Are you trying to tell me they got niggas in outer space?

CANDI They got Bloods and Crips out there?!

LISA BODY I saw creatures. Some looked just like me. There's a wheel in the sky going 'round, getting down, with a whole lot of rhythm going down. Ezekiel--George Clinton, were talking about us--the rhythm people--the lost children of Israel. . .the fallen children of Ham.

(PAUSE.) Everyday I stand beside the highway, hoping I will see them again. I wait and wait, looking into the sky, hoping they re-appear. I know they will re-appear, just like the sun must rise after the moon has set--they will appear again--like a flash of bronze light in the sky.

B DOG AND CRAZY MIKE ENTER.

B DOG W-we're back!

G ROC You fools are always on my tip. Yo' Flygirl. . .I mean Lisa--I'll git wid you later. . .you got to tell me some more of that story.

CANDI This chick been in outter space, G--

CRAZY MIKE I knew she wasn't from 'round here. Won't give a nigga no rhythm. . .won't let a nigga sniff nowhere near the nappy dug-out--

LISA BODY Nigga--you couldn't handle it if I did let you have a sniff.

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CRAZY MIKE Oh no? Try me.

MIKE AND FLYGIRL STARE AT EACH OTHER HATEFULLY.

CANDI I tried it--and it was pretty tired if you ask me--

CRAZY MIKE Skeezer-- Both of you is skeezers!

LISA BODY You know what your problem is?

CRAZY MIKE What's my problem?

LISA BODY You can't git none. . . .that's what your problem is.

(EXITS.)

B DOG You let her d-d-diss you like that. You oughta slap the shit out of her.

(PUNCHES THE PALM OF HIS HANDS.)

CRAZY MIKE I sho would smack her up, if she wasn't one of G Roc's hoochies.

G ROC Don't be putting that on me.

CANDI This one eyed nigger from outter space got her sprung.

(SITS ON G ROC'S LAP.)

G ROC So what's up?

CRAZY MIKE You sent us to do a job--

G ROC And?

CRAZY MIKE We took care of it, just like you said.

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G ROC Word up. Did you mark the turf?

CRAZY MIKE Man--that L. A. shit don't play here.

G ROC Whatchu mean it don't play here? Now git yo ass back there and mark that turf!

CRAZY MIKE You want the turf marked, you go back and do it!

G ROC Man--how are we gonna send a message to all these crabs and slobs that the Slanging Zulus ain't no joke, unless we go back and mark the turf?! Back in the day--

CRAZY MIKE Oh lawd--here we go again--

(STARTS YAWNING.)

G ROC Back in the day when I was coming up with the eight tray gangster crips--I was on point with Monster Kody Scott.

CRAZY MIKE Nigger please. . .it's always Slick Rick this or Monster Kody that. You better recognize these new G's comin' up and fucking forget those O. G.'s.

G ROC Monster Kody and I did much work, so a little marked crab like you could even exist. You wouldn't even be here today if it weren't for Monster Kody.

CRAZY MIKE Motherfuck Monster Kody--he ain't my daddy and he sho ain't Martin Luther King. This ain't the flatlands of South Central--this IS KANSAS, nigger--in case you haven't noticed. What blended in--in L. A.--kinda sticks out here. Now, you told me to bust a cap on that trick and I did! You don't believe me--ask B Dog!

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B DOG We took care of it, b-b-boss! B-b-booooyeeeoow! Pee-Wee's ghost. He's g-gone.

G ROC Well, this calls for a little drink. . .a little celebration. We need some champagne. . .and some O. E. . .a couple of fo'ties.

CRAZY MIKE I ain't down with no celebrating--

G ROC Why you wound so tight, bro? Fly-girl is right. You better go gitchu' some of that funky stuff. Unload that load. . .your shit's dragging in the ground. Yo! jaw is all tight. . .you never smile anymore.

CRAZY MIKE How can I smile? I'm whacking people left and right. . .for you.

G ROC Not for me--for the set! Everything's for the good of the set.

B DOG Straight SI-slangin' Zulu's fffff-for life!

(FLASHES THE SIGNS.)

G ROC Come here, B Dog. Go git me a fo'ty and keep the change.

(HANDS B DOG MONEY.)

B DOG B-b-but boss. I-i-it--

G ROC Spit it out--

B DOG I-it's a hundred dollar bill.

G ROC I know that. Just leave and don't try to say another word. Go with him, Candi-- Git a box of Philly blunts.

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B DOG C-C-Cool.

(EXITS WITH CANDI.)

G ROC Crazy Mike. . .it's time we clear the air right now. Look at me, Mike. Man. . .what's wrong with yo' eyes?

CRAZY MIKE I'm dusted, fool. I always get dusted when I kill somebody.

G ROC I gets the impression, you don't like how I'm running things.

CRAZY MIKE I woulda grilled Sheila harder. How do you know she wasn't lying?

G ROC Oh--so she beat herself up? You dumb mothafucka you. You think you can run things better?

CRAZY MIKE A moron can run thangs better than you.

G ROC Fuck you, bitch!

(G ROC SLAPS MIKE WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND.)

CRAZY MIKE Keep yo' hands off me, nigga--fo' I break you off something!

G ROC You wanna step to me, nigga? You got a cap for me?

CRAZY MIKE Keep fucking with me--

G ROC I built this empire, and this little crackerjack town is just the start. Soon, I'll be running everything west of the Mississippi, fool. So you better, stay in line and remember what side your bread is buttered on, punk. Now, step!

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CRAZY MIKE Man. . .I am tired of you talking down to me.

(PULLS OUT HIS GAT.)

G ROC Oh it's like that, huh?! Go on. . .pull it, killa. Shoot your shot, nigga--go on! Shoot your shot! You the man--one of Slick Rick's chosen. Pull the trigger, nigga. Then the world can see how you run thangs!

(PAUSE. . .TWO BEATS.)

CRAZY MIKE LOWERS HIS GUN.

G ROC Damn--baby brother--don't tell me you lost all your heart for killin'. For shame--for shame--for shame--

(G ROC REACHES INSIDE HIS DESK DRAWER FOR HIS PISTOL AND DROPS CRAZY MIKE, WITH A CAP. THIS OCCURS IN A FLASH.)

G ROC See. . .I'll let the glock POP POP POP on any mo'fucka.

(HOVERS OVER A FALLEN MIKE.) Makes me no never mind, 'cause I'm a stone cold killa, meaner than Godzilla--writing out yo' will for the thrill when I kill. You ever meet a natural born killa?! No--this ain't no movie motherfucka and I ain't no joke.

(GOES INTO A FREEZE.)

A DIM LIGHT COMES UP ON LISA BODY, DOWNSTAGE. A MEAN, PHAT, FUNKY GANGSTA BASSLINE PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND, AS LISA GETS BUSY WITH A SPRAY CAN IN HER HAND--DOING MUCH WORK-- MARKING HER TURF WITH GANG GRAFITI. SHE SINGS TO HERSELF, AS SHE MARKS THE TURF.

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LISA BODY Swing down sweet chariot--stop and let me ride--swing down sweet chariot--stop and let me ride.

(PAUSE/A BEAT.) (LOOKS UP INTO SPACE.) THIS AIN'T KANSAS ANYMORE. THIS AIN'T THE KANSAS--they write about in the fairytales.

(PAUSE.) I know your word is comin' Ezekiel. I'm marking this turf--so you can find me. I'm marking turf--marking turf--so you'll have no trouble finding me--when you come for me--I'll be here--doing much work--marking much turf. Turf we have died for--turf we have fought for and won. When I was a field nigga pickin' cotton like Slim Pickens--you came for me in the Mothership. Now I'm a street nigga--doing much work--marking the ground, where I hope you'll come for me again. Word 'em up. I know the word will find me. Have you ever wondered, why the Pyramids in Egypt--look just like the ancient Mayan ruins? Niggers in space ships were marking turf--way the fuck before Columbus, and them silly bustas even knew the world was round. See--I been inside that flying wheel. I've been inside of caves far, far, 'way from here. I've marked every place I've been and I'll mark everywhere I go, with this little light of mine. . .so the Mothership can find me and take me on home.

(SINGS) Swing down sweet chariot, stop and let me ride. Swing down sweet chariot--stop and let me ride.

THE DIM LIGHT GOES OUT ON LISA AS G ROC COMES OUT OF HIS FREEZE. B DOG AND CANDI, RE ENTER, WITH BAGS FROM THE LIQUOR STORE. THEY NOTICE MIKE'S BODY SLUMPED ON THE FLOOR.

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CANDI What the fuck happened, G Roc?

G ROC Mo'fucka made a play for the throne and got popped!! What the fuck you think happened?!!

B DOG DDDDDDDDD-Damn!! B-BI-Blood everywhere.

G ROC So clean the shit up! Get rid of this mo'fucka!

CANDI Damn--G Roc--Crazy Mike was your brother!

G ROC He was my half brotha--now he ain't shit. Just another dead nigger. That's what he gits for fuckin' with me. Never did like his sorry ass. .never understood what my ma saw in his father.

(SHEILA AND LISA ENTER DURING G ROC'S SPEECH. THEY EVENTUALLY NOTICE THE BODY ON THE FLOOR.) When I was ten years old, my stepfather--this dead nigger's father--hit me in the head with a hammer--while my mama just stood there saying nothing. .playing herself out like a bitch--while that trick tried to kill me, doing whatever he wanted--whenever he wanted. She never said shit to that man.

(PAUSE/A BEAT.) Git this punk mo'fucka out my face!!!

B DOG Sss-so what we gonna do now?

G ROC Just dump the nigger. I don't give a fuck where.

(KICKS THE BODY HARD.) Bitch!! Help him, Sheila--all this started on account of you getting gaffled.

SHEILA HELPS B DOG MOVE THE BODY.

-- 27 --

SHEILA Don't be puttin' that on me. Killing Mike is stupid. He's your number one gun!!

G ROC Just dump the nigger!!

SHEILA AND B DOG SLOWLY EXIT CARRYING THE DECEASED.

LISA BODY You're losing it, G Roc.

G ROC No shit, Sherlock!!

(A BEAT) Why don't both of y'all just leave.

LISA BODY So who's your number one gun, now?

G ROC Don't sweat me with that shit now, Flygirl--

LISA BODY Come on Candi, leave him be.

CANDI You go on, girl. I'ma sit right here 'til he needs me.

LISA BODY

(ANNOYED) Whatever!

LIGHTS FADE ON CANDI AND G ROC AND STAY FIXED ON LISA AS SHE MOVES DOWN STAGE WITH HER SPRAY CAN, DOING MUCH WORK, MARKING HER TURF AGAIN.

LISA BODY I hate it when G Roc calls me Flygirl. It means he disrespects me. He only sees my looks. My looks and my name always be gettin' me into trouble. Lisa Body. I wear these saggin' Ben Davis coveralls to hide my shape. I don't want them jocking me, hawking me, gropin' me,

playin' mind games trying to git next to me. You see--Candi--she fucked her way into the set. But not me. I ain't no hoochie. I got my dank on and I got my drank on, and I fought my way into the set.

THE LIGHTS CHANGE AS SOME OF THE GANG, RE ENTER ONE BY ONE, TO FIGHT LISA IN A STYLIZED MANNER.

-- 28 --

LISA BODY I had to fight each and everyone of these mothafuckas--one after the other. G Roc busted my lip, but I could tell even then, that he was on my jock. But Crazy Mike--he tried his best to kill me. He said I was fakin' the funk--he said I was softer than a crab inside a crab shell. A BLOOD gone soft is a slob, but a weak ass crip is a straight up crab fo' life. I wasn't letting no Crazy Mike make crab cakes out of me, so I kicked him in his balls. . .yes--I did. And he's been on my case ever since. Guess that nigga won't be fucking wid me no mo'. Guess that nigga won't be fuckin' wid nobody. I can't let these mothafuckas see nothing but a hard ass exterior.

LISA FLASHES HER GANG SIGNS AS THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.

-- 29 --

Act 1, Scene 4

SCENE FOUR

THE VERY NEXT DAY. EARLY MORNING. THE LIGHTS FIND LISA BODY AND SHEILA, AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE COOKING UP COKE, AND MAKING UP TEN AND TWENTY DOLLAR SACKS OF CRACK.

LISA BODY

(SINGS IN A TRANCE) Back in the day/We worked for no pay/Back in the day/We worked for--

SHEILA Would you stop singing that fucking song?!

LISA BODY Say what?

SHEILA You working my nerves with that fucking song!

LISA BODY Yeah, well. . .least I didn't git gaffled.

SHEILA You try working my corner--

(A BEAT)

LISA BODY Look, Sheila. . .I'm sorry. I know G Roc gotchu uptight-

SHEILA It ain't just G Roc. . .The shit on Plymouth is just gitting out of hand. Been seeing a lot of red flags lately.

LISA BODY No shit.

SHEILA Killing Crazy Mike. . .What was G Roc thinking?! Why he go and do that shit?

LISA BODY Maybe he was feeling threatened.

-- 30 --

SHEILA Threatened?

LISA BODY Ain't you ever felt threatened before?

SHEILA I feel threatened every time I try to work that corner. No way me and B Dog can keep the block locked down once it gits out Crazy Mike is dead. What that nigger do that for?

LISA BODY I dunno. . .I guess he just snapped.

SHEILA Just snapped. What if he snaps again?

LISA BODY He's cool now. He just lost it for a moment.

SHEILA What if he loses it again? I'm not gonna stand by idle.

LISA BODY I don't blame you. I won't stand by idle, either.

SHEILA We're catching hell out there, Lisa. We're catching hell.

LISA BODY I'll tell G Roc to re-assign me--

SHEILA He ain't gonna do that. No way, no how. You got the suburbs locked.

LISA BODY Anybody can work that turf.

SHEILA But nobody can work it like you. I worked that turf before you and I never got the numbers you get. Let's face it, you and them rich kids in the 'burbs got a rapport?! What's up with that?!

-- 31 --

LISA BODY What can I say? I speak their language.

CANDI

(ENTERS) Give me a dove sack--

SHEILA You got some money, bitch!

CANDI I just turned a trick. Of course I've got some money.

(REACHES INTO HER BRA AND PEELS A TWENTY FROM HER ROLL.)

CANDI THROWS A TWENTY ON THE TABLE, SHEILA THROWS HER A DOVESACK. CANDI FEVERISHLY, OPENS THE SACK, TAKES OUT A PIPE AND SMOKES A SMALL CHIP.

SHEILA Having a bad day, dear?

CANDI Don't fuck wid me.

LISA BODY So Candi. . .what's up with the pipe? I thought you liked doing lines.

CANDI I said don't fuck with me. How I turn a trick. . .it's my business, my business. How I gits my beam on. That's my business too. It's all good. If it gits you off--It's all good.

LISA BODY It's bad enough you a ho'. Why you gotta mess with that shit?

CANDI Why you wanna fuck with me?!

LISA BODY I'm just worried about you.

CANDI Ain't this a bitch?! You the one talking to aliens, and you worried about me. Oh, I'm too through with this bitch! Can't I smoke my rock in peace? Here. Give me another dovesack.

(THROWS DOWN THE MONEY.) You two bitches got it easy. You try turning tricks for a living. See how you like it.

(SNATCHES UP HER ROCKS AND LEAVES.)

-- 32 --

SHEILA Whatchu go and git her mad for?

LISA BODY What did I do?

SHEILA You got Candi upset. She starts tweaking out of control when she gits upset.

LISA BODY It ain't my fault. She should learn some self-control.

G ROC, ICE PICK AND B DOG ENTER. G ROC APPEARS AGITATED. SHEILA AND LISA STOP WORKING.

G ROC It couldn't be helped. It was me or him. Kill or be killed. Come on now. . .all of y'all saw it coming.

ICE PICK Still man, he was your brother.

G ROC He was my half brother--so he only meant half as much.

B DOG That sho is f-f-f-fucked up!

G ROC Hey--don't stop working on account of me. Well just don't stand there--git back to work!! Git back to work I said!

SHEILA Why did you do it?!

G ROC I told you why I did it. So, cool it, before I do you.

SHEILA If you do me, then, you gonna have to do everybody up in here.

ICE PICK Sho you right.

-- 33 --

G ROC I'm asking you politely to back up off me. I need the space to think.

SHEILA Space you got, nigger. If you only had a brain.

ICE PICK Sho is frosty in here. So when you gonna re-align the chain of command, G Roc? I deserve the juice Mike had.

G ROC You deserve shit. Lisa is gonna be my number one gun.

ICE PICK That bitch?! What she skating on in the suburbs, ain't even gonna cut it up on Plymouth.

G ROC Then you're my number one gun.

LISA BODY

(TAKES OUT A GUN) But you said I was number one. . .

G ROC Then you're both number one.

LISA BODY Stop waffling, and make up your mind. Better yet, let me make up your mind for you. I'm leaving the set. I don't care whatchu do.

G ROC No, Lisa. . .honey. . .wait. . .the set needs you and I need you.

LISA BODY Then be a man. . .and make up your mind.

G ROC You're both good. You both deserve the juice.

LISA BODY Make a decision. You can't have it both ways.

-- 34 --

SHEILA That's what's wrong with the set now. Weak ass leadership.

G ROC Okay, okay. Lisa is number one.

ICE PICK You go with that bitch and I'm out of here. I was the first one you recruited when you got here. I've been in the set longer than any of these tricks. I paid my dues. I deserve respect. Why would you even think about picking that bitch over me?

G ROC 'Cause I can trust her not to fuck up. You--I got to worry about.

ICE PICK

(MUMBLING) You know that shit ain't right. You know this shit ain't right.

(EXITS.)

SHEILA That's right. Leave bitch. Nobody needs that sniveling mo'fucka anyway. That trick is suffering from "pussy envy." 'Cause he can't git none.

(THE WOMEN LAUGH.)

G ROC It ain't that funny. Knock it off. Knock it off, I said. Lisa. . .come here.

LISA BODY Yes. . .G Roc.

G ROC If I give you the juice--don't fuck it up. Don't let it go to your head--or you'll end up in one of them designer body bags. I don't care how pretty a corsepe you make--you'll still be one dead mothafucka! So don't be a trick and try to be like Mike. And one other thang. . .that ET shit you was talking--

-- 35 --

LISA BODY Yeah?

G ROC Keep that shit to yourself--or I'll be making crab cakes out yo' ass! You ain't no crab is ya?

LISA BODY No.

G ROC The only ET 'round here is dem blunts I be smokin'. Chokin' . . .cold locing wid my money on my mind and my finger on my gat. Laid back. Clint Eastwood style. I'ma pussy grabbing, dick throwin' straight up nigga for life. . .always down with the Zulu Mafia Clan. I gits too much pussy and I got too much posse for you dumb mothafuckas to try to step to me. You know what happens to mo'fuckas who try to step to me? I smoke 'em like a blunt--you know what I'm saying?

(BEAT.) Fuck the rest of these tricks, I like you, Lisa.

LISA BODY You know me, homie--I'm down for whatever.

G ROC Cool. Now gitchu a hit of this spliff.

G ROC PASSES A BLUNT TO LISA, AND WATCHES HER AS SHE LIGHTS IT.

G ROC I never could trust a mothafucka who didn't git high. You know what I'm saying?

LISA BODY

(TAKING A DRAG) Yeah. . .I know whatchu saying. . .

LIGHTS DO A SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SCENE.

-- 36 --

Act 1, Scene 5

SCENE FIVE

SEVERAL MONTHS HAVE PASSED. IT IS WINTER.

AT RISE: THE SET, CONSISTING OF G ROC, B DOG, SHEILA, CANDY, & ICE PICK, ARE GATHERED AT A CONFERENCE TABLE FOR A MEETING. THEY SIT IN A FROZEN POSE, AS LISA BODY, SLITHERS, PRANCES AND STRUTS IN A BUTCH LIKE MANNER, AROUND THE FROZEN BODIES SEATED AT THE TABLE. SHE HAS A BLUE RAG TIED TO HER HEAD, AND IS WEARING A THICK, FULL LENGTH "L. A." RAIDERS OFFICIAL TEAM COAT, WITH A HOOD, WHICH PARTIALLY OBSCURES HER BLUE RAG.

LISA BODY To bang or not to bang? Is there ever any question? Gang banging ain't no part time thang. It's a fulltime gig, you dig? I'm dedicated to the violence like it was a career. You see--bangin' is about being down for yo' homies--being down for yo' set. . .being down--when ain't nobody else down wid you. Bangin'--is getting caught and not tellin' . . .killin' and not caring and lookin' death in the face without fear. Just because a man has the same colored flag hanging from his tail pocket--it don't mean he won't smoke yo' ass. It ain't just Crips and Bloods at each other's throats. Crips be killin' Crips, like a mothafucka. Take this nigga Icepick for example.

(STANDS BEHIND ICE PICK.) If he weren't in my set--I'd smoke him in a heartbeat. He's an arrogant shortsighted nigga--who thinks women ain't nothing but bitches, skeezers and ho's. Well this is one bitch that ain't got his back.

LISA SNAPS HER FINGERS TWICE AND EVERYBODY SEATED FOR THE MEETING COMES TO LIFE.

-- 37 --

G ROC Whatchu mean you got jacked for your grip?!

ICE PICK You act like I'm the only one here who's ever been gaffled.

SHEILA The shit's gittin' out of hand. The young bucks comin' up don't give a fuck!

G ROC But we've invested too much in this turf!

SHEILA Them Bloods don't give a fuck! They wants to git paid and they wants to git paid now, and they don't mind getting paid at our expense.

B DOG Let's ssss-smoke th-those motherfuckers!

ICE PICK The whole scene has been wack ever since you replaced Crazy Mike with this bitch! Now I can bring an end to the chaos.

LISA BODY Sometimes chaos is born from a gentle garden.

ICE PICK Say what?

LISA BODY We may have had chaos with or without Crazy Mike. Chaos comes with the turf. It comes from violence and mayhem--oh that's for sure. . .but sometimes chaos is born from gentleness--in gentle times. . .And I do feel gentle times approaching. In gentle times, you leave your Timberland boots beside the road, and walk a bit in your bare feet--feeling mother nature oozing between your toes.

-- 38 --

ICE PICK This bitch is yo' number one gun?! Who turned the light on in this bitch?!

SHEILA Aw shit--

CANDI Here we go again--

ICE PICK

(STANDS) Yeah--once again it's on--

G ROC Sit your shrimp ass down--nigga!!

LISA BODY Then again--sometimes chaos is born out of ignorance. The machismo factor is the mother of invention often in situations like these.

SHEILA Yo' . . .Earth to Lisa--

ICE PICK If Crazy Mike was here--none of this shit would be happening.

SHEILA Why don't we work our corners in pairs? We'll cover less spots--but at least everyone's back will be covered.

G ROC We can't make a profit for you niggers fucking up! And Lisa--you sit your ass down and squash that shit.

LISA BODY But--

G ROC I said, "Squash it?"

SUDDENLY WE HEAR A LOUD BANGING AT THE DOOR.

G ROC Who the fuck is at the door?

WE HEAR THE BANGING AGAIN--ONLY THIS TIME LOUDER.

-- 39 --

G ROC

(YELLS) Hey mo'fucka--knock that racket off!

ICE PICK

(COCKS HIS GLOCK) See--this is the shit I be talking about.

THE BANGING AT THE DOOR IS REPEATED ONCE AGAIN.

G ROC Candi--unlock the motherfucker!

EVERYONE STANDS WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN, INTENSELY STARING AT THE DOOR, AS CANDI UNLOCKS THE MANY DEADBOLTS.

G ROC Alright. Open it.

THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS, REVEALING AN OLD BUM IN RAGS JUST STANDING THERE, SHIVERING, SOAKING WET FROM THE SLEET AND SNOW. THE BUM SHOULD BE LIT IN A MANNER THAT MAKES HIM APPEAR SUPERNATURAL.

G ROC Whatchu want old man?

SLICK RICK Put your guns away boys, I mean you no harm.

G ROC B Dog--give this punk a couple of dollars and send him on his way--

B DOG RRR-R-RRight, boss--

SLICK RICK I didn't come for handouts--I have a message for G Roc.

G ROC I'm G Roc--whatchu want, G?

THE OLD MAN THROWS OFF A LAYER OF HIS CLOTHING, TOSSING HIS RAGS TO THE FLOOR. HE RAISES HIS HANDS PROUDLY, DISPLAYING THE HANDSIGNS OF THE EIGHT TRAY GANGSTER CRIPS.

-- 40 --

SLICK RICK What's up, nigga?!

G ROC Wait. . .I know the voice--

SLICK RICK But you don't know the face.

(LAUGHS)

G ROC Do I know you?

SLICK RICK You better know me nigga--I raised yo' ass, and I raised you not to be slippin'. Man--if this was L. A. you'd be blown away by now.

G ROC I know you--

SLICK RICK I know you, too, G Roc--back in the day you was my pretty nigger. Are you still my pretty nigger, G Money?

G ROC

(INCREDULOUS) Naw--

SLICK RICK Think long--you think wrong--

G ROC It can't be--

SLICK RICK If I told you once, I told you a hundred times, don't let me catch you slippin with yo' weapon on safety.

G ROC Slick Rick? Is that you, money?

SLICK RICK The one and only.

G ROC Mothafucka--what happened to you? What happened to your face--nigga?

-- 41 --

SLICK RICK It's the craftsmanship of a plastic surgeon in Brazil.

G ROC No shit!

SLICK RICK

(HOLDS UP HIS HANDS) Even had my fingerprints altered. Now if I could find a way to change my DNA--I'd finally be home free.

(A BEAT) Well, nigga--you don't seem happy to see me. What's up with that? You look like Robin Hood and his merry clan up in this mothafucka! I'm Slick Rick, the Candystick--I know he told yall niggas 'bout me--

B DOG W-w-w-w-whatzz up--Sl-Sl-slick R-Rick?

SLICK RICK Who's this stuttering, m-mumblin mothafucka?

G ROC

(LAUGHS) That's B Dog, G--

LISA BODY I'm Lisa Body--

G ROC We call her Flygirl--

SLICK RICK

(KISSES HER HAND) And I can see why girl. I would like to lease that body Miss Lisa Body-- Don't blush on me now.

LISA BODY It's--just--that I've heard so much about you--

SLICK RICK Have you now?

-- 42 --

ICE PICK I'm Ice--G Roc talks about you all the time.

SHEILA Yeah--your ears should be burning. I'm Sheila.

SLICK RICK

(KISSES HER HAND) Hello Sheila--I guess an "old geezer" like me gives new meaning to O. G.

CANDI

(GUSHING) And I'm Candi--

SLICK RICK

(KISSES HER HAND) Well hello Candy.

B DOG She's the n-neighborhood nymph!

SLICK RICK A ho' that don't love her job is a fool, I always say.

(A BEAT)

CANDI PLAYFULLY MOCKS SLAPPING B DOG. AS RICK AND G ROC TALK, THEY COME DOWNSTAGE, AWAY FROM THE OTHERS, FOR PRIVACY.

SLICK RICK So what's up, nigga? When's the last time you talked to your mama?

G ROC When's the last time you talked to her?

SLICK RICK Now you know I can't do that. The "po po" will pop me for sho'--

G ROC You could write her.

SLICK RICK Write her for what? Nigga--you tripping. You act like you got a hem'roid--or a tick up yo' ass. You tripping like I'm yo' daddy. I raised ya--but I ain't yo' daddy. And I raised you not to be a punk. So let's party man. Let's roll some dice, let's play some bones. Is this a crack house or a funeral parlor?

(TO G ROC) Well what's the matter, nigga?

-- 43 --

G ROC I'm losing it, Money. I'm burnt out, man.

SLICK RICK This is Slick Rick, nigga--talk to me--

G ROC PULLS RICK AWAY FROM THE OTHERS. A BEAT PASSES.

G ROC

(ALMOST WHISPERING) There's been a lot of grumbling. Mo'fuckas in the set are talking against me.

SLICK RICK So smoke 'em out. Or are you just being paranoid?!

G ROC You gotta lotta nerve showing up here. A lotta fucking nerve.

SLICK RICK You gotta lotta nerve smoking yo' brotha. I had that boy picked for greatness. That shit didn't play well in L. A. Why did you do it?!

G ROC

(PARANOID) Did L. A. send you here? Who told you how to find me?

(G ROC PATS DOWN SLICK RICK, SEARCHING FOR A WIRE.) Who told you about Crazy Mike? You wearing a wire, nigga?

SLICK RICK Nigger--Git yo' fucking hands off me! I keep the planets in orbit. I know your every thought before you think it. I invented the game we're playing and there ain't no art in yo' game. You lost your fucking mind searching me for a wire.

-- 44 --

G ROC I'm sorry.

SLICK RICK You need to learn humility.

G ROC I said I'm sorry.

SLICK RICK You sho' are sorry. Time to git out the game, boy--'cause you slipping.

G ROC I know. . .the shit is wearing on my mind all the time. We ain't got the manpower here--to ever git thangs right. Too many young independent businessmen out there--unwilling to join the ranks. The Crip Nation is gonna die, money--

SLICK RICK We don't die, we multiply, nigga. You been out here in the boondocks so long--you starting to squeal like a little bitch.

G ROC Don't diss me man--

SLICK RICK You know what your problem is? I'll tell you what your problem is. You lost your respect for the game. What you spittin' goes against the code I taught you.

G ROC I be spittin' it real man. I be representin'--

SLICK RICK Yeah, but Slick Rick the ruler, be having mad flava.

G ROC Look, money--you dropped in here out of the blue, with a face that don't belong to you--

SLICK RICK I paid for it--

-- 45 --

G ROC Shit, nigga--I thought you was dead. I heard you got killed in lockdown at Folsom--

SLICK RICK

(LAUGHS) Yeah--that was the rumour--wasn't it?

G ROC But why did you come here? How did you find me?

SLICK RICK You wanna battle? I'm old school. You busta cap, I busta rap. There's no shame in my game, but there's fame in my name. I'm Slick Rick--the Candystick. The ruler of the rhyme. . .the master of time. Butchu. . .you wouldn't know a HOMO-cide in B Flat from a snaggle tooth of crime, when I drop a dime on you, biiiaaattccchhh!!!!

G ROC Who told you how to find me?!

SLICK RICK Don't be paranoid, G! I was told you'd help me out. Now I need to lay low for a few days--then I'll be on my way.

G ROC Don't git me wrong man--

SLICK RICK Look nigga--you owe me. You remember gettin' stretched out in Chino? You was just a little punk back then, a juvenile--serving time with adults. Who kept the booty bandits off yo' ass?

G ROC You did-- but--

SLICK RICK And who paid off your accounts, when your gambling bluffs caught up with you?

-- 46 --

G ROC Stop all your "Slick Rick" bullshit, and tell me--why did you come here?!

SLICK RICK I could say I came here to kill ya--but I ain't never kill no one.

G ROC Then why are you here?

SLICK RICK To remind you--L. A. is watching you. Little Monster is watching you. I'm just a pair of eyes. . .watching you.

(BEAT.) Now come on, and roll me up a spliff. Where's your hospitality boy? Ain'tcha glad to see me?!

G ROC I suppose.

SLICK RICK You suppose. Nigga, Slick Rick is up in the mothafuckin' house. . .so all you player hating mothas need to evacuate or else I will separate you from yo' scrilla. But you don't hear me though--

LIGHTS DO A SLOW FADE. END OF SCENE.

-- 47 --

Act 1, Scene 6

SCENE SIX

LATE THE FOLLOWING DAY. A DIM LIGHT FINDS LISA, SITTING DOWNSTAGE. G ROC, SLICK RICK AND THE OTHER'S ADLIB PLAYING DOMINOES IN THE BACKGROUND. SHE IS DOING HER NAILS, SINGING TO HERSELF.

LISA BODY Swing down sweet chariot--stop and let me ride. Swing down sweet chariot-- Exodus. A movement of people from one place to another. A mass departure.

(LOOKS UP) I'm gonna be leaving soon.

SLICK RICK RISES FROM THE TABLE.

SLICK RICK Domino, motherfucka!

SLICK RICK HITS THE TABLE HARD, PLAYING HIS BONE, BONES FLY EVERYWHERE.

G ROC Aw, nigga--you know you can't play without cheatin'-

SLICK RICK I'm through with you punk mothafuckas! There's no art to your game!!

(YAWNS) Aw man--this jet lag is kicking in or something--

G ROC That's that Chronic fucking with you--

SLICK RICK SITS NEXT TO LISA, AS THE LIGHTS FADE ON THE DOMINOES GAME CONTINUING IN THE BACKGROUND.

SLICK RICK Hey--what you doing sitting over here by yourself?

-- 48 --

LISA BODY Just thinking.

SLICK RICK You don't mind if I sit next to you--

LISA BODY I'd be honored.

SLICK RICK Something 'bout you seems different from the others.

LISA BODY How so?

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) Leave the bone on the fucking table.

SLICK RICK I haven't quite put my finger on it--but you're different. A nice kinda different.

LISA BODY That's sweet of you to say that.

SLICK RICK I'm not trying to gas you up or anythang, but I like you. You got this quiet thing about you, that makes people feel your mind when it starts to working. I mean, the whole time I was over there playin' dem bones, I could feel your mind, just sending out waves of heat. . .the currents from your brain was just lighting up the room. I like a woman who's a deep thinker. I can tell, you're thinking on things, far, far away from here.

LISA BODY What have the others told you 'bout me?

SLICK RICK Nothing I can't see for myself.

LISA BODY What did G Roc say about me?

SLICK RICK Nothing. You never came up.

LISA BODY Stop lying.

SLICK RICK Don't you trust me?

LISA BODY Why should I?

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) You ever bone a bitch in the boneyard?!

SLICK RICK You're right. You shouldn't trust me. Stay away from me. I could be hazardous to your health.

LISA BODY So--you come with your own warning label.

SLICK RICK Yeah. I'm contagious--so you better stay away.

(BEAT.) Where you from?

LISA BODY I'm from right here--Kansas City, Kansas.

SLICK RICK Seems like an okay place--to raise a family, and live a square life.

LISA BODY It has it's moments. . .as for me--I want to get away from this place. I want to go out and explore the world--

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) You can't play a bone and take it back.

SLICK RICK So. . .Miss Lease A Body. . .who has the lease on yo' body? Who got first dibs on yo' soul? See. . .I need to know what set you really claiming?!

LISA BODY If you really need to know. . .I'ma free agent.

SLICK RICK Naw. . .you too young to be a free agent.

LISA BODY I may be seventeen, but my mind is older. Anythang you throw I can catch.

SLICK RICK Oh, it's like that?

LISA BODY Yeah--it's like that.

SLICK RICK So, why are you caught up in this set-trippin'? I mean your nails and your clothes don't go together. Look at your hands.

(HOLDS HER HANDS) See how soft and delicate your hands are? How lady like?

LISA BODY I ain't no lady--

SLICK RICK That's not what your hands say--that's not what your eyes say. Your eyes say you can do better than this.

LISA BODY Lies, lies--my eyes are full of lies.

SLICK RICK You just saying that 'cause you're afraid, the world has made you too afraid to be soft.

-- 51 --

LISA BODY We're in a garden where a flower would get crushed.

SLICK RICK Then maybe you should leave.

LISA BODY This set is the only life I know. This is my family. I could never leave my family.

SLICK RICK Yeah--I know what you mean. G Roc is my family. He's my dog. He lives right inside of me.

(POUNDS HIS HEART.) Me and G Roc--we gotta lotta history.

LISA BODY How did y'all first hook up?

SLICK RICK We first hooked up in the joint. Then we hooked up again on the streets.

LISA BODY So what's it like being in the joint?

SLICK RICK Of all the places I've been, why you wanna make me remember that place?

LISA BODY 'Cause I want to know what's it like--how you handled yourself--so I can trip on how I would handle myself.

SLICK RICK Ask me about Paris--Amsterdam--any place besides the joint--

LISA BODY What was Folsom like?

SLICK RICK You know--in Amsterdam--they got these restaurants, that are like hash bars. . .I mean--you can buy weed, smoke a joint with your meal and it's all legal. It's all good!

LISA BODY Were you ever stretched out in San Quentin?

SLICK RICK And in Paris--they have these boutiques with clothes you never see over here. They have this wide boulevard called the Champs Elysees that goes right through the grandest part of town--right through the Arc de Triomphe.

LISA BODY Did you go up the Eiffel Tower?

SLICK RICK Yes.

LISA BODY Were you scared?

SLICK RICK Scared of what?

LISA BODY You're lying. You've never been to Paris.

SLICK RICK I have.

LISA BODY

(PLAYFUL) Stop lying. You're too scared to fly in a plane--

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) See, the bones are talking--

SLICK RICK Speak for yourself.

LISA BODY I'll bet you never even been in a plane before--

SLICK RICK Speak for yourself.

LISA BODY So. . .I've flown in something better than an airplane.

SLICK RICK What?

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) Leave the bone on the table, and give me my money.

LISA BODY You promise not to laugh--if I tell you--

SLICK RICK I won't laugh. What is it?

LISA PULLS RICK FOWARD AND ALMOST WHISPERS IN HIS EAR.

LISA BODY I've been on a flying saucer. I was kidnapped by aliens. You don't believe me--do you?

SLICK RICK Oh--I believe you--

LISA BODY Naw--you don't believe me--but I've got proof!

LISA QUICKLY UNTIES AND TAKES OFF HER SHOE.

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) Domino, mothafucka!!

LISA BODY Feel my big toe--

SLICK RICK TAKES LISA'S FOOT INTO HIS HANDS.

G ROC Hey! They gittin' freaky over there! I told ya Slick Rick was a fast mover--

LISA BODY Do you feel that lump in my big toe?

SLICK RICK Yes. . .I feel it. It feels like metal.

-- 54 --

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) I can play me some bones--I can play me some bones--

LISA BODY The aliens put it there. They're tracking me. They put another one in the heel of my other foot. See?

LISA GIVES RICK HER OTHER FOOT.

SLICK RICK Yes. I feel it.

(MASSAGES HER FOOT, A BEAT.)

LISA BODY What are you doing?

SLICK RICK I'm giving you a foot massage. Do you mind?

LISA BODY No. That feels nice.

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) You ready to raise the stakes?!

LISA BODY You don't believe me, do you?

SLICK RICK Why shouldn't I believe you?

LISA BODY The others think I'm crazy. Do you think I'm crazy?

SLICK RICK No.

LISA BODY Do you believe me?

SLICK RICK Yes.

LISA BODY Do you think I'm pretty?

SLICK RICK Yes.

-- 55 --

LISA BODY Are you just saying that?

SLICK RICK No. I think you're very pretty. A pretty girl like you--should only think pretty thoughts. Someone as pretty as you--should only wear pretty things--I mean look at you in these big ol' slouchy coveralls. You are drowning in these clothes-- I mean I hope I don't sound like a sexist, but if you and I were lovers--I would only want you to wear the sheerest things. God was generous in bestowing looks upon you.

LISA BODY Lines--lines--

SLICK RICK

(LETS GO OF HER FEET) I'm not trying to gas you up, Lisa-- I have plenty reason to believe.

(HE TAKES HER HANDS IN HIS AND PLACES THEM ON BOTH SIDES OF HIS NECK.) You feel that?

LISA BODY Yes.

SLICK RICK Aliens did to me--what they did to you.

LISA BODY

(REJOICES) Unbelievable! Another true believer has come into my life! You're not playing with me--are you?

SLICK RICK No. I know you're waiting for them to come again--

LISA BODY Oh I know they're coming. I can feel them coming.

-- 56 --

SLICK RICK You know because you have the power to know of events before they occur. You knew I was coming, way before the others--didn't you--

LISA BODY Well maybe kinda sorta I had a vague idea--

SLICK RICK You knew!!!

LISA BODY If you say so--then I knew--

(PAUSE/A BEAT) Do you read the bible?

SLICK RICK Don't need to read it--I WROTE IT!

LISA BODY What?

ICE PICK Dominoe, mothafucka!!

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) It's about time.

SLICK RICK Let me let you in on a little secret. Can you keep a secret?

LISA BODY Yeah. I can keep a secret--

SLICK RICK

(BENDS FORWARD/ALMOST WHISPERS) There's a wheel in the sky--spinning 'round--gittin' down--with a whole lot of rhythm going down--

LISA BODY Zeke?

SLICK RICK Shhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

LISA BODY

(INCREDULOUS) Ezekiel? Is it really you? You're lying.

-- 57 --

SLICK RICK Shhhhh! We must keep this between ourselves. You're the only one who knows. No one else can know.

LISA BODY So the mothership is here?! It's really here. Or did G Roc put you up to this?!

SLICK RICK This ain't no joke, Lisa.

(A BEAT.) The mothership is comin'. But the people are not ready to git on board. Because your belief is so strong--so much stronger than the others--you have been chosen to assist me.

G ROC

(IN THE BACKGROUND) Domino, mothafucka!!!

(SLAPS TABLE)

LISA BODY What can we do to make the people ready?

SLICK RICK Cast away from you--all your transgressions. It has already been written--what you must do. You must make a new heart and a new spirit. For why will ye die, O house of Israel?

LISA BODY Zeke--you--you wrote that?

SLICK RICK I only write--what I live--For the way of the lord is not equal. I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth in this house of death--

G ROC

(BACKGROUND) Pay me my money, mothafucka! And stop hogging the joint!

-- 58 --

SLICK RICK Therefore I will judge you O crackhouse of Israel. I will judge you. . .everyone according to his ways. Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions, so inequity shall not be your ruin. Are you a true believer?

LISA BODY Yes--yes. I believe in the power of the word.

SLICK RICK Then you know--the nations also heard of him; he was taken in their pit, and then brought with chains unto the land of Egypt. . .and he went down among the lions--and he became a young lion and learned to catch the prey, and devoured men.

A SOLITARY LIGHT SHINES ON SLICK RICK FOR THE REMAINDER OF HIS SPEECH.

SLICK RICK And he knew their desolate palaces, and he laid waste to their cities. Then all the nations set against him on every side from the provinces, and spread their net over him. And he was taken in their pit. And brought him to the king of Babylon--they brought him into holds, that his voice should no more be heard upon the mountains of Israel. . .

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

-- 59 --

Act 2

Act 2, Scene 1

ACT TWO; SCENE ONE

A MONTH LATER, STILL WINTER IN AMERICA.

AT RISE: A SOLITARY LIGHT FINDS LISA BODY DOWNSTAGE, RIGHT IN THE ALIEN GARDEN, MARKING TURF WITH HER CAN OF SPRAY PAINT.

LISA BODY I'm a dream merchant. I've got dreams for sale--light beams for sale. This is the place to git in the space race, 'cause they're 99 ways to git to Venus from here and 39 ways to git to Mars. All you gotta do is click yo' heels together. . .three times to catch a light beam. . .

(BEAT) The other day, Zeke told me the facial markings of the Ibo tribe are also worn on the faces of other Ibo warriors--many galaxies away. He told me--a time will come--when all the other Ibo warriors throughout the Universe will descend upon this land, to kill all thine enemies. . .to return us to our rightful place. And those lost at birth--shall be found again. Zeke also told me--that Monster Kody is the second coming of Malcolm X and one day he will rise from the lion's pit, he will throw off the chains that bind him, and he will lead us to the promise land, for it has already been written in the blood of the lamb.

(BEAT) I was not meant to be earthbound. One day I'm gonna break gravity's hold on me. I was meant to be amongst the stars. I was meant to move with the speed of light. I was meant to move like the creatures I saw--Among the creatures there was something that looked like a blazing torch--constantly moving. The fire would blaze up and shoot out flashes of lightning!

THE STAGELIGHTS, SHOULD BECOME HARSHLY BRIGHT, CREATING THE ILLUSION OF THE LIGHT FROM A FLYING SAUCER.

-- 60 --

LISA BODY I just stood there, as the creatures darted back and forth with the speed of lightning. As I was looking at the four creatures--I saw four wheels of light--I saw four wheels touching the ground, one beside each of the creatures. All four wheels were alike--each shone like a precious stone. The rim of the wheels were covered with eyes. Whenever the creatures moved, the wheels moved with them. And when the creatures rose up from the earth--so did the wheels. . .everytime the creatures moved or stopped or rose in the air, the wheels did exactly the same. But when I looked into the light above their heads--I saw it for the first time--a dome made of dazzling crystal--THE MOTHERSHIP--shone like a million dazzling lights.

LIGHTS CROSSFADE, GOING DOWN ON LISA AND COMING UP ON SLICK RICK, G ROC, ICE PICK AND B DOG PLAYING DOMINOES.

SLICK RICK Big six, nigga-- Give me my money, fool.

G ROC Man--I'm tired of playin' wid you punk mothafuckas.

SLICK RICK You tired of getting your money took--

G ROC Rick--tell these fools about that trick named Sadie-

SLICK RICK Oh that bitch--

G ROC 80 degrees--

-- 61 --

SLICK RICK Nigger please--that trick thought she was a tease, now she's just a casualty--'cause she can't git none of these-

G ROC You sho played her cold--

SLICK RICK She was a fat ol' stank heffer--but she had nine kids--

ICE PICK What the hell would you want with a woman with nine kids?

G ROC That's the good part nigger--

SLICK RICK I put them niggers to work slangin' that product--what the fuck you think nigger--did you think I was with the bitch 'cause I loved her ass.

(LAUGHS HARD WITH G ROC.) I had them kids runnin' thangs--took over the entire Jordan Downs Projects--

ICE PICK So what happened when the heat came down?

SLICK RICK I raised up out of that mothafucka--what you think. I was in and out like Flint--

G ROC Like Clint--Nigger you crazy--messin' 'round with that big trick Sadie--

SLICK RICK I was a high roller then. Her kids were makin' me close to sixty gees a month.

B DOG D-d-d-damn!!

-- 62 --

SLICK RICK When it was time to raise up out of there--I moved on to Chicago--met a woman in Cabrini Green with 15 kids--and you know I put 'em all to work--Just like I put you and yo' little brother to work.

G ROC Fuck you, man!!

SLICK RICK At least I didn't turn yo' mama out. And you know I could've when she started on that pipe.

G ROC Shut the fuck up, nigga!

SLICK RICK Oh, you act like I'm the one who got her sucking that glass dick.

G ROC That's enough about my mama--

SLICK RICK So, how is she now? I heard she cleaned up her shit.

G ROC No thanks to you, mothafucka. No thanks to you.

SLICK RICK

(TO ICE PICK) Why is it you can't talk about a nigger's mama without them falling to pieces. Nigger's be acting like they mama is sacred. But yo' mama ain't nothing but some pussy. . . the first pussy you ever crawled out of. And G Roc's mama sho had some good pussy.

G ROC

(STANDS) Mothafucka--you wearing out yo' welcome, nigger!

-- 63 --

SLICK RICK Oh--you gonna step to me, nigger?! After all I've done for your ass--you gonna step to me. You gonna defend your mama's honor, when I'm the one who raised you? Damn, nigga--ain't you got no sense of humor?

G ROC Do you see me laughing?

G ROC The nigger ain't got no scruples.

SLICK RICK Scruples? You trying to impress me with your vocabulary?

G ROC Fuck you!

SLICK RICK Yeah, that's more like it.

SHEILA AND LISA ENTER, TOGETHER, SHARING A FORTY OUNCE OF OLDE ENGLISH MALT LIQUOR.

SLICK RICK Hey homies--what'z up?

LISA BODY We just trying to git our drank on--

SHEILA It's cold as a mothafucka out there--

G ROC Ain't it kinda early for yall to be on break?

LISA BODY It's so slow out there--that Candi is minding shop with G Money and Dirty Red.

G ROC I guess that's cool--let the baby gangstas git a taste of what it's like to be runnin' things.

B DOG It's sssll-slow now--b-but it will pp-p-pick back up this s-spring.

-- 64 --

G ROC Fuck that--I don't think I can hang here 'til then. I can't take another winter stuck in this mothafucka--

SLICK RICK Yeah--well-you're here now--in the valley of dry bones and long cold winters.

(Laughs to himself) Every move occurs for a reason. You had to leave L. A. to be a part of a bigger picture. You see, son--your journey through the wilderness is not going to be easy. There will be times--many times when there will be dissension amongst the ranks so great, that you won't know who to trust.

(BEAT) You see son--although your name has not yet gained the status of Monster Kody, greatness is never-the-less in store for you. You and Monster are on different paths. . .he's at Pelican Bay now and you are here, but you are both where you are now for the same purpose--and that purpose is to instill the will and the way of the Crip Nation upon these lands.

(A BEAT.)

G ROC Slick Rick--the Candystick--nigger please--would you shut the fuck up?! You sound like a broke-ass Al Sharpton!

SLICK RICK AND G ROC LAUGH REAL HARD, KIDDING, WITH OTHER, SHUCKING AND JIVING FOR SEVERAL BEATS. LISA SITS AND STARTS CLEANING HER GUN. AFTER A COUPLE OF BEATS, SLICK RICK, NOTICES, LISA SITTING ALONE, HE STOPS HORISING AROUND WITH G ROC AND SLIDES OVER, NEXT TO LISA, STEADY MACKING.

-- 65 --

SLICK RICK Hello there--Miss Lease A Body.

(PAUSE) I bought you something--

LISA BODY What did you buy me?

SLICK RICK Oh--a little somethin'-somethin'--

LISA BODY Well-where is it?

SLICK RICK Hold tight.

RICK GOES OFF FOR A SECOND AND RETRIEVES A DRESS BOX. HE RETURNS TO WHERE LISA IS SITTING AND PRESENTS IT TO HER.

LISA BODY What did you get me?

SLICK RICK Well, open it up and see-- What's the matter? You 'fraid of breaking yo' nails?

LISA WHIPS OUT A SWITCHBLADE AND CUTS THE BOX OPEN IN A FLASH, WITH A FUNNY SMIRK ON HER FACE, AS SHE DISPLAYS DEXTERITY WITH THE KNIFE.

LISA BODY Oh--this is pretty Zeke--

SLICK RICK Hey! I told you 'bout calling me Zeke. Keep that on the Q. T. between you and me--'tween you and me.

LISA BODY I'm sorry. Don't be mad at me.

SLICK RICK I'm not mad at you--we just gotta be cool. People who are not believers won't overstand. So--do you like the dress?

-- 66 --

LISA BODY I love it. But you know I can't wear this.

SLICK RICK Sho you can--it's your size ain't it?

LISA BODY I know it'll fit, but it just ain't me, Zeke--I mean, Rick.

SLICK RICK How do you know something ain't you if you never try it on? Now go on and try it on for me--

LISA TAKES THE DRESS AND EXITS, WHILE G ROC CROSSES OVER TO SLICK RICK.

G ROC You be careful with that one, Rick. Girls ain't never right again after you get done with 'em--and she's special, so be gentle on that one--

SLICK RICK I'm gentle with all of 'em. I give 'em what they need and I tell 'em what they need to hear. I had her read, soon as I laid my eyes on her.

G ROC I'm serious, Rick--don't fuck up her head.

SLICK RICK Come on, G--we ain't never let no bitch come between us. Seems like you got a special interest in this one.

G ROC And I don't want you fucking with her head!

SLICK RICK The way I fucked with yo' mama. I've changed, bro. I like this one for real.

G ROC Nigger, I'm warning you--she's the best street worker I've got.

-- 67 --

SLICK RICK I don't blame you. . .the local talent pool, looks like a talent puddle.

G ROC You think I'm playing, but I'm serious. Don't fuck up Lisa's head.

SLICK RICK You trippin' nigga--what's up? Are you mashing it? I'll back off--if you're mashing it. Alright!

G ROC It ain't like that. I ain't mashing it! Are you?

(RICK LAUGHS/A BEAT.) Look man--don't fuck with her, because if her numbers start falling off, I'm gonna take it out of your ass!

SLICK RICK Can't a man change?

G ROC Once a pimp--always a pimp.

SLICK RICK Stop being mad at me for what yo' Mama did to herself.

G ROC She was drowning--

SLICK RICK She couldn't help herself--

G ROC And you just stood there and watched her go down--

SLICK RICK What else could I do?

G ROC You could've saved her--

SLICK RICK Don't put that on me. Blame yo' mama. . .blame yo' God, but don't put that on me.

-- 68 --

G ROC Please--restrain yourself--just this one time for me.

SLICK RICK You gotta lot of fucking nerve nigger, disrespecting me--especially after what you've done to my music.

G ROC Come on old man--that old school shit played out a long time ago.

SLICK RICK Nigga--you act like you don't know my power. Take a look at my hands.

(HOLDS UP HIS PALMS) Have you forgotten? The palm of my hands are a blue print for rebellion. An alien blue print. These wicked crooked lines tell a story.

SLICK RICK

(CONT.) Not a children's story, but a tale of power and glory--

G ROC This better not be another long speech--

SLICK RICK If I've told you once--I've told you twice, I represent tradition, son. . .old school values. A time when we did beat downs with our hands.

G ROC This little revolver is my problem solver when my flow gits a little slow. I'm quick to blast a mothafucka when all else fails.

SLICK RICK That gangsta shit--that ain't hip-hop nigger.

G ROC How you gonna tell me what's hip hop and what ain't?

-- 69 --

SLICK RICK I can tell you what time it is--'cause I'm Slick Rick--the ruler. From bebop to doo wop to hip hop. . .I connect the fucking dots. From the work songs to the field hollers, I'm the one spraying the bass in yo' face, when all you can do is spray bullets--

G ROC Yeah, well-what can I say? Every new beat, comes from the streets. You used to say that yourself. Well, the streets have changed old man. Now, I rule these streets--

SLICK RICK You oughta be wrapped in white sheets--'cause I'm Slick Rick the Candystick. . .you better recognize. Snoop Doggy Dogg was just a puppy pup when I invented this shit. Let me remind you, I can crash the stock market by batting my eyes. And all I need is two turntables and a microphone. Back in the day, we used to do battle by stepping to the mic. Certain rituals should never die. If you didn't come correct with a tight-ass rhyme--you got booed off the stage. But this fly-by drive-by way of doing business-now you tell me, who put that in the mix, trigger?

G ROC Everything changes, Rick.

SLICK RICK Whatever happened to purity? Whatever happened to grace?

G ROC Your words are putting me to sleep, Rick. Now, I'm giving you a final warning--stay away from that girl. She and those rocks she's slinging--that's the only ritual happening 'round here.

LISA RE-ENTERS WEARING THE DRESS SLICK RICK HAS GIVEN HER.

-- 70 --

G ROC Lisa? Damn-girl. Is it really you?

LISA BODY

(TURNS IN A CIRCLE SHOWING THE DRESS) Isn't it pretty?

G ROC Damn you look good to go wid them tasty cakes in that dress. Shit. Well--I guess I better leave you two alone. And you--remember what I said, Slick.

(EXITS.)

LISA BODY What's he talking about?

SLICK RICK Nothing. Just some guy talk. Don't trip.

LISA BODY Do you like how I look in this dress?

SLICK RICK I love how you look in that dress--but do you like it?

LISA BODY Yes.

SLICK RICK How does it make you feel?

LISA BODY Pretty--and shy--

SLICK RICK What you got to feel shy about?

LISA BODY

(LOOKING DOWN) I dunno--I just do-- Can I ask you something, Rick?

SLICK RICK Go ahead.

LISA BODY Why are you being so nice to me?

(A BEAT)

-- 71 --

SLICK RICK I don't know why.

LISA BODY You make me feel special. No man has ever treated me this nice before.

SLICK RICK Give me your hand.

(SHE DOES) Now your hands, match your clothes. . .your eyes--match your lips.

HE GIVES HER A SMALL PECK ON HER LIPS, SHE IN TURNS BEGINS TO KISS HIM PASSIONATELY. THEY KISS, WITH PASSION FOR SEVERAL BEATS.

LISA BODY So where do we go from here?

SLICK RICK I'm in no hurry. Let's take our time. Do you feel like dinner--a movie--a night on the town?

LISA BODY I just wanna get you alone in a room-naked.

SLICK RICK I g-guess we can do that-- I just hope my pacemaker can stand it? How old did you say you were?

LISA BODY Seventeen--

SLICK RICK Good god a-mighty! Let's go!

SLICK RICK TAKES OUT A VIAL OF COCAINE, AND SNORTS SOME.

LISA BODY What are you doing?

SLICK RICK Just a little perk me up--do you want a little pick me up?

-- 72 --

LISA BODY

(WITH CONTEMPT) No--

SLICK RICK You mean as much shit as you be slanging--you ain't never tried none.

LISA BODY I was told by G Roc to never dip into the product--

SLICK RICK

(SNORTS SOME MORE) It ain't the most evil thing in the world--so please don't stand there judging me. Do you judge every customer you sell this shit to?

LISA BODY No. But I'm glad I ain't one of them.

SLICK RICK Don't look down on them. They can't help how they are. Look at life in this country for people like you and me. A lot of folks got to buy the only highs they'll ever git out this mothafucka. Now come on--why don't you try a little bit?

LISA BODY No.

SLICK RICK Please. It'll really make me happy. Don't you want to make me happy?

LISA BODY Yes.

SLICK RICK Then come on--and try a little tenderness. Just this one time--for me. Please.

HE PUSHES THE VIAL TOWARD HER FACE, AFTER A BEAT, SHE FINALLY SNORTS A LITTLE TOOT.

-- 73 --

SLICK RICK That's not enough--try a little more.

SHE INHALES SOME MORE UP HER NOSTRILS.

SLICK RICK You feel okay?

LISA BODY I feel fine. I feel great.

SLICK RICK You know what feels real good on toot--

LISA BODY What?

SLICK RICK Making love. A little toot--a little chronic--the right woman--and it's like heaven on earth. Don't you want to experience a little heaven on earth?

LISA BODY Yes.

SLICK RICK Then hang with me and I will take you there.

(PAUSE/A BEAT) How come you never talk much about yourself? I mean you talk about aliens and all that--but you never talk about yourself--

LISA BODY I don't want to bore you with small talk--

SLICK RICK Like--there's this one thing about you that's been bugging me--

LISA BODY What?

SLICK RICK Why in the hell--would a girl like you want to run away from home and be in some shit like this?

-- 74 --

LISA BODY How do you know I'm a runaway?

SLICK RICK I just know. I knew the moment I first laid eyes on you--you were a runaway--looking for a home.

LISA BODY It really ain't that simple--my reason for being here.

SLICK RICK Did you live with both parents?

LISA BODY

(LYING) Yeah--

SLICK RICK Your daddy--he didn't try to turn you out did he?

LISA BODY No. He would never do anything like that. Why I left had nothing to do with my parents.

SLICK RICK So why are you still in Kansas City-- Aren't you afraid of them finding you?

LISA BODY I ain't even from Kansas City. I'm from the sticks--from a little hick town, a hundred miles from here. And that shit's 'tween me and you! All this shit I'm tellin' you has to stay in this room--'cause if them other crabs knew my real story--they would start trippin' on me like I was a rich girl mark.

(YELLS) That's why I got to be five times harder than all these mothafuckas! And that's why I can't be wearing this pussy ass dress!

(RIPS AT HER DRESS.) Now if you're gonna fuck me-then fuck me! But you ain't got to turn me into a pussy to fuck me!

(BEAT.) Now are you gonna fuck me or what?!!

-- 75 --

SLICK RICK Damn! That coke sure is makin' you aggressive!

LISA BODY

(YELLS) Like I really need coke to make me aggressive!

SLICK RICK REACHES TO TAKE THE VIAL FROM HER HAND.

LISA BODY

(YELLS) Who said I was done with this yet?!!

SLICK RICK My bad--

LISA POWDERS HER NOSE SOME MORE.

SLICK RICK You really like that huh?

LISA BODY It's okay--

SLICK RICK Okay? That's peruvian. . .the best. That ain't even been stepped on. Hey! Let me have a little.

(TAKES THE VIAL BACK AND POWDERS HIS NOSE.) The secret to coke though--the secret to dealing with any habit that makes you feel good, sex or anything--is you got to learn how to hit it and quit it. Hit it and quit it.

LISA BODY Oh? So is that how you're gonna do me? Are you gonna get the pussy--hit it and quit it?

SLICK RICK Don't be asking me that when I ain't even hit it yet? I still ain't made up my mind if I want to hit it--

LISA BODY Oh I know you want to hit it--you just 'fraid you won't be able to hit it and quit it--

(TAKES THE VIAL BACK)

RICK TAKES THE VIAL BACK FROM LISA BEFORE SHE CAN GET ANOTHER HIT. HE WANTS TO CALL HER A BITCH, BUT HE EDITS HIMSELF.

-- 76 --

SLICK RICK Looka here, I'm Slick Rick the Candystick. I don't love no-- Forget it. Look--my bad. . .maybe this was a bad idea.

(PUTS THE VIAL AWAY.)

LISA COMES TOWARD RICK IN A VERY EROTIC MANNER, RUBBING HER HIPS AGAINST HIS CROTCH, WHILE REACHING INTO HIS COAT POCKET FOR THE VIAL.

LISA BODY Sometimes chaos can have such gentle beginnings. Don't gas up the car, baby--if you don't plan to drive it. Now--I'm just a young tender--who never been made love to--who never been sexed up or even talked to by a real man, And you've got all the makings of a real man. So Slick Rick, are you gonna introduce me to your candystick or do I have to play with myself--right in front of you? Is that what you want me to do? Play with myself? 'Cause I've been playin' with myself--pretending my hand was yo' hand ever since that night we first talked.

LISA TAKES THE VIAL FROM RICK AND PUTS A LITTLE COKE ON THE NAPE OF HER NECK, IN AN EROTIC MANNER.

LISA BODY Gosh Rick--I've got a little coke on my neck-- Can you get that for me?

RICK LICKS AND KISSES THE COKE OFF HER NECK. SHE PUTS SOME ON HER EAR LOBES.

LISA BODY I've got a little on my ear--can you git that for me?

RICK LICKS AND KISSES HER EARS. SHE RIPS AT HER DRESS SOME MORE, AND PUTS A LITTLE NOSE POWDER ON HER CLEAVAGE. AND THEN HER LIPS. WITHOUT TELLING RICK, SHE GETS HIM TO KISS HER IN ALL THE PLACES SHE WANTS TO BE KISSED AS THE LIGHTS DO A SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SCENE

-- 77 --

-- 78 --

Act 2, Scene 2

ACT TWO; SCENE TWO

TWO MONTHS LATER, SPRING. SUNDAY EVENING.

LIGHTS COME UP ON THE ENTIRE CREW, EXCEPT LISA GATHERED AROUND THE TELEVISION SET EATING POPCORN.

ICE PICK

(TO B DOG) Hey, nigger--you're in my seat.

SHEILA Turn the volume down--

CANDI

(OVERLAP) No turn it up.

B DOG I don't ssss-see your nnn-name on it!

G ROC

(TO ICE PICK) Hey, man sit yo' ass down! Scott's about to come on--

ICE PICK I said git out my seat--

B DOG You mmmmm-move you lose!

ICE PICK Nigger--I'm not playing with you--

SLICK RICK Hey man--I can't see through you.

SHEILA

(TO ICE PICK) Here--take my seat.

SHEILA SITS ON THE FLOOR, THEN GLARES AT B DOG.

SHEILA Put yo' shoes back on!

-- 79 --

ICE PICK Yo' feet stink!

G ROC

(POINTING TO THE TV) Hey yall--there he is--there he is!

CANDI Sshhhhh! Monster Kody on tv--

SLICK RICK Monster Man on 60 Minutes.

G ROC Yall--shut up--I can't hear.

ICE PICK Steady mobbin'--steady robbin'-- eight tray gangsters for life!

SHEILA Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

ICE PICK Crips in the house!!!

SLICK RICK I can't hear the fuckin' interview!!

ICE PICK My bad! My bad!

(A BEAT) Word.

AS G ROC TURNS THE VOLUME UP, ICE PICK MOVES ABOUT RESTLESSLY IN HIS CHAIR. HE TAKES A HANDFUL OF POPCORN, WASTING SOME ON B DOG.

B DOG I'ma fffff-fuck you up!

ICE PICK My bad! My bad!

CANDI Ice Pick--yo' head is in the way.

ICE PICK So git from behind me, bitch!

SHEILA Yo, take that back!

-- 80 --

ICE PICK I ain't taking nothing back.

SHEILA Hey G Roc can you talk to this nigga?

CANDI Yeah, make him sit still--he keeps squirming in his seat.

LISA ENTERS DRESSED IN SPRING STREET WARRIOR GEAR.

LISA BODY Hey what yall watching? The Playoffs?

SHEILA Girl--Kody Scott is on tv and you're missing it-

G ROC I'm missing it! I ain't heard a word the man said!

LISA BODY

(TO RICK AS SHE SITS IN HIS LAP) Kody's on tv?

SLICK RICK On 60 minutes--

LISA BODY No shit!

(SHE KISSES RICK.)

CANDI SNATCHES THE POPCORN BACK FROM B DOG.

CANDI Stop hogging the popcorn!

B DOG FFFfffffffffffff--

CANDI

(OVERLAP) Say it, don't spray it!

B DOG

(OVERLAP) --ffffffFUCK YOU!

G ROC It's a good thing I'm taping this, 'cause yall making me miss the whole fucking interview-- Why is it that niggers can't watch a movie or tv without running they fuckin' mouths?

-- 81 --

ICE PICK Now you'se the one running your mouth--

G ROC What you say, Ice?

SHEILA Would y'all shut up--Monster is talking 'bout his father--

SLICK RICK Dick Bass--played for the Rams--he was Kody's father--

CANDI Yep--and Ray Charles is his godfather--

SLICK RICK But neither one of them claimed him. But we claim him--right?!

SHEILA Shhhhhh. He's still talking 'bout his father. Look y'all--he's about to cry.

G ROC Damn--he is crying--

ICE PICK Ain't this a bitch--Monster is playin' himself out. Look at him! He's crying like a bitch on national tv! Turn that fucking tv off!

G ROC Nigga--sit yo' ass down!

ICE PICK I've seen enough. I don't want to watch anymore.

G ROC Then leave--git the fuck out!

ICE PICK That's the man I'm suppose to look up to?! Naw--I can't follow no mothafucka who comes on tv crying like a bitch!

SHEILA He was not crying like a bitch! He was crying like a punk ass man to me.

-- 82 --

SLICK RICK All of y'all are tripping. Monster was just being slick--he was flossing with those tears. He probably got a parole hearing coming up--you know--and he thought a few tears might do the trick.

B DOG The man had a right to cry.

G ROC Whatchu say, B Dog?

B DOG I ss-said--the man--had a right to cry. He was talking about growing up without a father--and there he was, in j-jail without his own children around him. Ain't that enough to make any man--cry?

ICE PICK That's no excuse. He's Monster Kody. He ain't suppose to cry. I mean he done fought 20 pigs by himself. Been shot by the Pirus. .the Brims. . .been shot damn near 20 times, can bench press a mothafucking pick-up truck. But he can't do a 60 Minutes interview without crying? No. No. No. Something ain't right here.

SHEILA Whatchu trying to say Ice Pick--that Kody Scott ain't supposed to be human? What is he? Some creature from outer space without feelings?

ICE PICK I'm just saying--I expects more from my leader.

SLICK RICK Well--I've known Kody longer than any of you--in fact I raised him. I intiated him into the set. So if anyone should overstand his tears--then I do. His biological father was a professional football player. I mean Dick Bass had the means to give--but he never claimed Kody. Take one look at him--and you swear you were looking at a first round draft pick. So Ice Pick--Do you know who your father is?

(SILENCE.)

-- 83 --

G ROC Man--I sho am glad I taped that mothafucka--

ICE PICK Why--so you can watch that trick cry in slow motion?

AFTER A BEAT ICE PICK EXITS.

CANDI Man--ain't he a party pooper.

SLICK RICK Why don't you blaze up a joint, G?

G ROC Help yourself to the stash--I don't feel like getting high?

SLICK RICK It be's that way sometimes. Storm clouds are always gathering, but it never rains--in the valley of the dry bones. You're in the middle of a dry county, boy--a very arid state of mind. No wonder you're gettin' clocked for your grip!!

G ROC Look man--I'm just trying to maintain 'til I git out the game. So don't fuck with me.

SLICK RICK You gonna retire at 22--then whatchu gonna do?

G ROC I'm gonna live nigga--that's what I'm gonna do. I am sick and tired of livin' each day like it's gonna be my last. I'm tired of trippin' everytime someone bangs on the door-- wondering if it's the man this time, coming to haul my ass in for good--or some trick ass busta looking to gain rank by popping a cap on me. Now the set--has been quite coordial to you. You've had your run of the place--but now--the time has come for you to move on nigga--time for you to be on your way--'cause Lisa's numbers are falling way the fuck off. I asked you not to go and get that girl sprung--but naw, you just had to have her--you couldn't leave well enough alone--you just had to turn her out. I'm trying to run a business, nigger,

but trick mothafuckas like you keep working my last nerve with your little ego--trying to make yo' little dick just a little bigger by fucking with my bitches!

-- 84 --

SLICK RICK Remember Chino, nigger--when your little homie Half Dead took a pencil in his neck? Watch yo' back, nigger.

G ROC Nigga--are you threatening me?

SLICK RICK Naw--I'm just talking to hear myself talk. Now we can settle this shit like men or we can settle this shit like gangstas. . . You busta cap--I'll busta rap that'll make yo' teeth rattle--so step to the mic. if you wanna battle/I'll light you up, quick fast and in a hurry/spittin' mad flavor that'll make yo' vision blurry/So don't step to me with no disrespect/I'll break you off proper and put yo' whole crew in check/'Cause I'm from Los Scandalous killi-California--I'll warn ya and then I'll mourn ya/I'll fuck yo' mama and yo' sister too/I'll fuck every bitch in yo' fucking crew/And if you're still talking when I'm through/Shit nigger--I'll even fuck you/'Cause you ain't nothing but a bitch with a little twitch in yo' walk/I'll leave you on the ground circled in white chalk!

SHEILA Ooooooh! Did you hear that shit?!

B DOG Aw shit--these niggers are b-b-battling!

SLICK RICK So what you gonna do G Roc? Busta rhyme or go for your glock?!

SHEILA Come on, G Roc--handle yo' business nigger--handle yo' business. This nigger is calling you out! Whatchu gonna do? He's disrespecting you and the whole damn crew.

-- 85 --

LISA BODY Talk to him, Rick--fuck his ass up! He can't win in no battle of words!

G ROC Buck! Buck! Buck! You better duck, 'cause I don't give a fuck! You testing my skillz? Baby, you testing yo' luck! So run away, run away, run away or you'll be done away, like a bitch named Faye! Okay? You can back me in a corner if you wanna/But I refuse to lose in any kinda battle/I'll send yo' ass running to Seattle/I'll buck you down quick Slick Rick you fucking trick/'Cause you ain't nothing but a hoe/Another nigger caught by the toe/You wear yo' socks twelve days in a row and turn them on the other side so the dirt don't show--biiitch!

(THE OTHERS LAUGH)

SLICK RICK That's funny. That's a good one. Yeah, the joke's on me.

(SING SONG) But Yo' mama don't wear no draws!

SHEILA Aw shit! They playing the dozens!

G ROC Oh we're going there--

SLICK RICK Yeah. We're going there. Like I said--

(SING SONG) Yo' mama don't wear no draws/She's a ho' without a cause/She gives it away without a pause/Like it was Christmas and she's Santa Clause.

(OTHERS LAUGH IN THE BACKGROUND) Once, I stretched her out on a waterbed/I fucked her 'til she passed out/I thought she was dead!/I grabbed the phone and dialed 911/But she woke up and said, Baby--I'm not done!"/She sang, "Come here daddy long leg, don't make mama beg"/"Come and give it here."/So I started hitting it from the rear/She said, Oooh baby, it's so big/Then she farted like a stank ass pig./The blast

knocked me to the wall./In walked the police, responding to my call./But yo' mama sang, "Ooh baby, baby--I sho' love to ball/Oooh baby baby, I sho' love to ball/Yes, yes yall, Yes, yes yall/And you don't stop and you don't quit/Yo' mama sho' know how to go/She gave the five-o one hell of a show/She fucked the police, one by one. She fucked, fucked, fucked the police. She gave new meaning to fuck the police./She fucked the police and the fire department too./And lit a cigarette when she was through./She gave head like a vacuum cleaner. Nobody was meaner, than yo' mama, yo' mama, yo' mama, yo' mama, yo' mama, yo' mama, biiiaaattccchhh!!!!

THE ENTIRE GANG FALLS TO THE FLOOR LAUGHING.

-- 86 --

LISA BODY You got his ass, Rick.

SHEILA He can't come back from that.

G ROC At least I knew my mama.

THE ROOM GETS QUIET.

SLICK RICK

(AFTER A BEAT) Why you wanna go there?

G ROC This nigger here--never seen his mama. He ain't got a fucking mama. He crawled up from under a rock just like my name is G Roc. They found this nigger in the desert, next to a big old cactus plant.

SLICK RICK You ain't rhyming nigger.

G ROC Fuck rhyming. I'm switching up styles. Going buck wild./I flick, flick, flick you off my nutz like you're a flea/And I'm a flea flicker/See, you ain't the only nigger who can flow/Yo' time is up mothafucka--there's the do'/See I'm mob deep in a Cherokee Jeep/So you creepy niggers better creep/And stop trying to test my will or my skillz/"Cause I'll leave you in a fucking land-fill/"Cause I'm the original gun clapper number one/Third stone from the sun/Peeling caps just for fun/Why ask why my shit's so fly/"Cause I never show remorse for the dead guy, bitch!

LISA BODY Come on, Zeke--kick some shit about the mothership!

-- 87 --

SLICK RICK Bitch--would you shut the fuck up?!

G ROC Aw look--this nigger done lost his cool/He's starting to drool like a fool in Sunday School/False gods you be representing/I'll run you out of office like Bill Clinton/So wake up Hillary/I got the artillary to smoke yo' fucking ass.

LISA BODY Come on Zeke--this nigger is winning.

SLICK RICK Didn't I tell you to shut the fuck up?! This nigger can't win no war of words/I'll chew him up and shit him out like turds/I'll take his heart and I'll take his mind/I'm MC Time--the master of rhymes/See let me tell you a little about me/I'm Slick Rick the ruler--the Master M Cee/When the M Cee's came to stake out their claim/In the battle for fame some were put to shame/I gave up the pimping game for microphone fame/"Cause I wanna be legit with this rapping shit/So you better come correct or don't come at all/"Cause Slick Rick will never take the fall.

SHEILA That shit is wack!

(RICK IS CLEARLY LOSING.)

G ROC

(TO RICK) Did yo' plastic surgeon ever pull that bullet from yo' neck? You better guard yo' grill nigga and protect yo' neck.

(BEAT/G ROC GOES TO LISA) Lisa--let me tell you 'bout this trick named Rick/He had my mama sucking that glass dick/He's a smooth operator quick with a line/Talks in metaphors and always rhymes/He'll seduce you then he'll reduce you with the lines up yo' nose and the lines in your ear/He'll tell you his love is nothing to fear/He did it to my mama and he'll do it to you/He'll fuck yo' brains out and drop you when he's through.

-- 88 --

LISA BODY Rick--Is he telling the truth? Talk to me Rick.

SLICK RICK He's describing the old me--but I've changed.

G ROC Once a pimp--always a pimp. He'll SAY anything to sample yo' goods. Come on, Rick--tell us who you are. Are you a ho' or a pimp or a bitch?

SLICK RICK I ain't none of them thangs, but I know one thang, I'll never let a hoe pimp me. And I'll never lose to you in a battle.

G ROC You see--this nigger here, Once came upon a girl who was twelve years old/A little lost soul/Walking the hoe stroll/Rick was out clocking his bitches, counting his bankroll/A pimp like Rick is always in control/On top of his cashflow on the pimproll. And he saw this bitch who claimed to be a free agent, but you know his motto--No hoe can ever trick for free--No hoe can trick without paying me.

SLICK RICK It's my credo. The law I live by. What can I say?

G ROC You gave the girl up to the five-o--didn't you? Who's law were you living by then?

SLICK RICK She was a run away. I did the kid a favor.

G ROC Favor my ass.

SLICK RICK I thought I was doing the right thing. I thought they would get her off the streets--put her in a shelter.

-- 89 --

G ROC The little girl's body was found a week later. She had been beaten and sodomized. And you played a part.

SLICK RICK I didn't know the cops would do that. I was just trying to get her off my block. She was taking money from my pockets. . . food from my mouth. Everybody wanted a piece of her ass. Tricks wouldn't give my bitches a second look as long as she was out there. And she wouldn't work for me and she couldn't work for free. You think I'm gonna stand by and let that happen on my stroll. Fuck No!

G ROC Lisa. . . baby. . . I know you're not gonna let a creep like this come between me and you and the set and the pact we made. Don't let this punk come between us.

(G ROC TURNS BACK TO SLICK RICK. BEAT) You've got two days of grace, nigger--then you out of here. Your O. G. membership card is about to be revoked. You can't skate by on what you did in the past--forever. Yo' time is up--you better recognize!

SLICK RICK You act like a lion among the nations, but you are more like a crocodile splashing through a river. You muddy the water with your feet and pollute the rivers. When the nations gather--I will catch you in my net and let them drag the net ashore. I will throw you on the ground and bring all the birds and animals of the world to feed upon you. I will cover mountains and valleys with your rotting corpse. I will pour out your blood

until it spreads over the mountains and fill the streams. When I destroy you, I will cover the sky and blot out the stars. The sun will hide behind the clouds, and the moon will give no light.

-- 90 --

G ROC You've got two days, nigger--two days.

G ROC EXITS WITH B DOG. LISA STANDS NEXT TO SLICK RICK.

LISA BODY So, the aliens put that bullet in yo' neck! You played me, nigger. You played me!

LISA HAULS OFF AND SLAPS SLICK RICK WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

SLICK RICK

(HOLDING HIS FACE) Lisa--wait--I wasn't lying when I said I loved you.

LISA BODY You don't love me. You love fucking with me.

SHEILA Fuck this nigger, Lisa. Let's go.

LISA BODY

(TO RICK) You had me--you almost had me. But you done fucked up now.

LISA AND SHEILA START TO LEAVE.

SLICK RICK Don't you want to board the Mothership?

LISA BODY Fuck the mothership and fuck you too, old man.

LISA EXITS WITH SHEILA. CANDI SLITHERS TOWARD SLICK RICK.

CANDI You like that young tender.

(RUBS HERSELF) How come you never want to push up on these--

SLICK RICK 'Cause I like a challenge--and you, quite frankly, bore me to tears.

SLICK RICK EXITS AS THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SCENE.

-- 91 --

Act 2, Scene 3

ACT TWO; SCENE THREE

THE FOLLOWING DAY. EARLY AFTERNOON.

LIGHTS RISE ON SHEILA, LISA AND CANDI SITTING IN THE KITCHEN AREA DOING MUCH WORK. TWO KILOS OF POWDER/COCAINE SITS ON THE TABLE, WAITING TO BE COOKED UP--TRANSFORMED INTO CRACK ROCKS. SHEILA IS PACKAGING THE ROCKS, USING SOAP CHIPS (MAYBE) AS STAGE-ROCKS. CANDI LOOKS LIKE A WRECK.

CANDI Come on--let me get just one line. . .one line. Who's gonna know the difference?

LISA BODY Sheila--you better say something to this bitch--

SHEILA She's suppose to be your friend.

CANDI Please--just one line?

LISA BODY You know damn well--one line ain't gonna do you. Now a paying customer--can smoke all the rocks they want, can snort all the lines they want. But-chu? You can't have shit--

CANDI Come on--one little line. Nobody will miss it.

LISA BODY I'll miss it.

SHEILA Shut the fuck up, bitch. You can't be snorting up all the product.

LISA BODY Unless you got some money. You got some money?

-- 92 --

CANDI No--

LISA BODY I didn't think so. Now shut the fuck up and go in the back room and let us work.

CANDI Come on, Lisa--Sheila--I'll suck yo' pussy real good. I'll suck both yo' pussies--

SHEILA Get the fuck out my face!

CANDI I'll eat you out before they get back. Nobody will have to know.

SHEILA I'll know--so fuck you!

CANDI Come on, Lisa--you let me go down on you before-- Come on--Lisa--you know you want me to have it. You know you want to see me happy--

LISA BODY I wanna see you clean yo' sorry ass up!

CANDI This ain't right. You know it ain't right. You've been dogging me out ever since that Slick Rick got your nose opened.

LISA BODY Don't be fronting on me--

CANDI Look--I said I'd lick yo' pussy. What else do you want from me?

LISA BODY I want you to git well. I mean--look at you. You look like shit. When's the last time you did yo' hair, or yo' nails? You look toe up from the flo' up. And when's the last time you took a bath?

-- 93 --

CANDI I shower after every trick--

LISA BODY Well--I can smell you from here, and it don't smell good.

CANDI One little hit--and I'll go bathe right now!

SHEILA Would y'all shut the fuck up? Let the bitch have the shit, so we can finish--

LISA BODY No!

CANDI Why you playin' me like that? Sheila said let me have some--

LISA BODY Fuck Sheila--and fuck you too. If the product comes up short--it's coming out my ass. I'm the officer of the day, and I say No!

SHEILA Well I'm tired of all her noise.

(SHEILA PUSHES A NICE LITTLE PILE OF COKE IN FRONT OF CANDI.) Here, bitch! You can croak for all I care.

LISA BODY Whatchu go and do that for?

SHEILA To shut the bitch up--now dock it from my pay.

LISA BODY You better take your little pile and leave before the others get back.

CANDI

(SNORTS) I remember the first time I got high. It was like the sun rose from the center of my brain and traveled up and down my spine, making me feel all warm and good inside. . .making me feel alive for the first time. I knew from that first hit--I wanted to feel this way forever. I wanted that first high to last the rest of my life. So I took another hit and then another hit. I wanted each new hit to top that first hit. I wanted a fucking hit parade.

(BEAT.)

-- 94 --

CANDI

(CONT.) And yet, that old feeling--that feeling from the first time is lost on me--no matter how hard I try--no matter how much I snort, I just can't get that feeling I felt the first time the sun rose inside of me. Now look at me. I've fucked away my entire life, not to feel lonely. My daddy said with tits like these--I'd never be lonely.

LISA BODY If you had as much brains as you got tits--you'd be dangerous. Now take your shit and leave.

CANDI

(AS SHE SNORTS) Sometimes when I'm laying with a trick, a cocaine rush comes over me--like a waterfall. . .a waterfall of warm memories. The sun feels warm on my skin--I collect a toll--everytime a man enters--everytime a man enters--I collect a toll in exchange for a piece of my soul. Now I can't go seven minutes without a line or seven hours without a man--

LISA BODY You've become a sad-ass excuse for a woman.

SHEILA Now take yo' shit and leave--'fore the others come back.

CANDI RISES TO LEAVE, WITHOUT THE COKE.

LISA BODY Ain't you forgetting something?!

CANDI I'm just going to be by myself--

(EXITS)

-- 95 --

LISA BODY

(TO SHEILA) See. . .that shit's comin' outcho pay--

AS CANDI LEAVES SHE ALMOST RUNS OVER ICE PICK AS HE ENTERS.

ICE PICK What's the matter with that bitch?!

SHEILA Would you stop calling her that?!

ICE PICK Fuck you!

SHEILA Maybe you could if your dick wasn't so little.

ICE PICK I'm tired of you tricks. Where is everybody?

LISA BODY Rick's asleep and G Roc and B Dog went up on Plymouth to handle some business.

ICE PICK What? Them niggaz went up on Plymouth without me? Their main gun?!

LISA BODY Nigga--you ain't the main gun--

ICE PICK Oh no? Then who is?

LISA BODY

(OVERLAP) I'm the main gun!

ICE PICK You ain't shit! You just a little trick gittin' turnt-out by Slick Rick that candy stick-it mothafucka! Does he eat your pussy good?!

SHEILA

(TO ICE) Does he eat yo' pussy good?

-- 96 --

LISA BODY You know--Ice--jealousy--jealousy just doesn't become you.

ICE PICK Why should I be jealous of a trick like you?

LISA BODY That's a good question. So why don't you just go away and think on it? Go on--and git to stepping--bitch!

ICE PICK STARTS TO LEAVE, BUT HE TURNS BACK AROUND, AND SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY, HE OVERTURNS THE TABLE THE COCAINE IS LAYING ON.

ICE PICK No bitch talks to me like that!

LISA BODY Have you lost your fucking mind?!

ICE PICK Yeah.

SHEILA We've been working all day-- Pick the coke up!

ICE PICK You pick it up.

LISA BODY Clean the shit up, Ice.

ICE PICK Fuck you. Fuck both of you.

LISA BODY You ain't gonna pick it up?

ICE PICK Naw.

SHEILA I'm sorry to hear that--'cause I was just starting to like you.

ICE PICK I know you little pussies ain't trying to step to me. Ain't you scared of fucking up your nails?!

-- 97 --

LISA BODY You gotta lot of mouth--

SHEILA Too much fucking mouth.

SHEILA THROWS COKE IN ICE PICK'S FACE. SHE AND LISA BUM RUSH HIM. THEY TAG ICE WITH MANY PUNCHES AND KICKS. ICE FALLS TO THE GROUND. LISA POUNCES ON HIM LIKE A WILD ANIMAL, STOMPING HIS HEAD WITH HER BLACK TIMBERLAND BOOTS.

LISA BODY

(AS SHE GOES TO TOWN STOMPING HIM.) Who's the bitch, now, mothafucka? Who's the bitch now? I go to war on any mothafucka who disrespects me. Any mo'fucka. I don't care who it is? Now lick the coke up bitch!

(STOMPS HIM AGAIN.)

SHEILA Wait. . .Lisa. . .stop. You're killing him.

LISA BODY

(STILL STOMPING HIM) Nigger, had no business fucking up the coke. . .on my watch! That shit makes me look bad!

SHEILA

(CRYING) Lisa. . .stop it! Please!

B DOG AND G ROC ENTER, LOOKING ON IN DISBELIEF, AS LISA CONTINUES HER ALL OUT ASSAULT ON ICE PICK, RUBBING HIS FACE IN THE COKE.

LISA BODY

(TO ICE) You think this shit is funny? You think this some kinda game. . .some kinda joke, fucking up the coke on my watch. Fuck you.

(DRIBBLES HIS HEAD ON THE FLOOR, AND KICKS HIM AGAIN.)

-- 98 --

SHEILA

(OVERLAP) Somebody. . .do something. Somebody, stop her. She's killing him.

G ROC

(OVERLAP) Lisa. . .Lisa. . .

SHEILA Stop it. . .stop it---

LISA BODY The nigger had it coming. . .

LISA GETS IN A FINAL STOMP, THEN B DOG AND G ROC GRAB HER AND WRESTLE HER TO THE GROUND.

G ROC What's wrong with you, Lisa? Ice Pick is a Crip.

LISA BODY That don't mean shit to me.

LISA PACES BACK AND FORTH, FULL OF ADRENALINE AND RAGE.

B DOG Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?!

(STARES AT ICE PICK.)

G ROC How the fuck do I know? Check his pulse.

SHEILA CHECKS IT.

SHEILA There ain't no pulse. . .he's gone.

G ROC Lisa. . .baby. . .what the fuck got into you?

LISA BODY The nigger had it coming. Fucking up shit on my watch. Why he gotta fuck up on my watch?

SLICK RICK ENTERS WEARING SILK PAJAMAS--YAWNING.

-- 99 --

SLICK RICK What the fuck?!

G ROC Man, yo' girl here gone 51-50.

SLICK RICK Come here, Lisa.

LISA BODY Stay away from me, old man!

LISA EXITS.

G ROC Go after her, Slick. You're the only one who can talk to her.

SHEILA

(TO SLICK) Just keep your tired ass here. I know where to find her.

(EXITS.)

G ROC Shit. Damn. Looks like we got another body to dump. Would somebody just tell me. . .what the fuck is going on?

LIGHTS DO A SLOW FADE, AS G ROC, B DOG, AND SLICK RICK STAND IN A TABLEAU OVER ICE PICK'S FALLEN BODY.

END OF SCENE.

-- 100 --

Act 2, Scene 4

SCENE FOUR

LATER THAT NIGHT. A TIGHT LIGHT FINDS LISA IN THE ALIEN GARDEN. A PHAT, FUNKY, GANGSTA BASS LINE PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND AS SHE SPRAY PAINTS THE WALL OF FAME. SHE SPITS A FUNKY RHYME AS SHE SPRAYS.

LISA BODY There's a war going on outside You can run, but you can't hide In these streets I done took Broke niggers make the best crooks I got you scared to death Scared to look, you're shook 'Cause broke niggers make the best crooks, The best crooks--You're scared to death Scared to look in these streets I done took Got yo' name down in my book Yo' bones I gotta cook, you're hook To the rocks I'm slanging in these streets I took Yeah, broke niggas make the best crooks, The best crooks, the best crooks. You're scared to death, scared to look It's yo' fucking heart I took In these streets yo' ass I cooked Scared to death, scared to look, you're shook.

THE LIGHTS SLOWLY EXPAND, REVEALING SHEILA WITH AN EIGHTBALL OF OLDE ENGLISH. SHE COMES DOWNSTAGE TO LISA, PASSING HER THE EIGHTBALL, TRYING TO STAY WARM. THEY ARE LIT BY A FIRE IN A TRASH CAN. SLICK RICK IS FURTHER UPSTAGE, IN THE SHADOWS, OBSERVING THEM.

-- 101 --

LISA BODY With my black Timbs, I be busting limbs. I'll stomp a mudhole in anybody's ass!

(DRINKING & LAUGHING) Did you see that nigger Ice Pick's face when we bum rushed that mothafucka. I hit that punk so hard.

SHEILA You were furious, girlfriend. . .furious.

LISA BODY Did you hear the noise his head made as I stomped his ass?! That shit sounded like a soft grapefruit. And did you see the look on G Roc's face?

SHEILA And what about B Dog?! Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?!

LISA BODY What the fuck you mean is he dead?! I killed the mothafucka didn't I?!

SHEILA Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?!

LISA AND SHEILA LAUGH REAL HARD, PASSING THE FORTY BETWEEN THEM.

LISA BODY You shoulda seen your face, bitch? You looked all nervous and panicky. You shoulda heard yourself. "Stop it, Lisa! You're killing him!" Man. . .you played yourself like a bitch.

SHEILA I did not.

LISA BODY You did too. You were screaming and carrying on as if the nigger was whupping my ass.

SHEILA Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?

THE TWO GIRLS BUST OUT LAUGHING AGAIN. A FEW BEATS PASS.

-- 102 --

SLICK RICK Why did you do it? Why did you kill that boy? You had him down. You had him hurt. Why didn't you stop?

LISA BODY I don't know what got in me. Something just came over me and I was like in another zone. I couldn't hear nothing. I couldn't do nothing except bring my big black timbs, down on his head, down on his limbs, over and over and over again. All I know is that it felt good. . .seeing him just laying there, looking up at me, helpless like, a silly smile on his face. . .a sad kinda smile, with his blood everywhere. I shoulda killed him, for getting his blood all over my boots--

SHEILA Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?!

(LAUGHTER)

SLICK RICK Yall think that shit is funny, but that shit is sick. Ice Pick was a Crip. . .one of us. . .

SHEILA Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?!

(BIG LAUGHTER)

SLICK RICK I don't know what to make of a place where the women are harder than the men.

LISA BODY Whatchu trying to say now, bitch?!

(LISA POURS OUT HER BEER, AND THREATENS RICK WITH THE BOTTLE.) You wanna git some of this old man? Don't fuck with me! I'll stomp a mudhole in your ass!

-- 103 --

SHEILA Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?!

(SILENCE.)

LISA BODY You ever kill a niggah?!

SLICK RICK Baby. . .I'm a retired player, a rhyme sayer, an ex-pimp with a shrimp caught in his net. I've done a lot of things I'm too proud to ever admit, but like any player who's been in the game, I know when it's time to quit.

LISA BODY You mean you never ever killed a mothafucka?!

SLICK RICK Violence never was my bag. I'm a lover, a player, a rhyme sayer---

LISA BODY How the fuck can you call yourself a Crip, if you ain't smoked a nigger?!

SLICK RICK I guess initiation dues went up since I founded this set--

LISA BODY Yeah. The price of admission to everythang has gone up. The price of admission to heaven and hell. But a nigger's life. . .a nigger's life keeps getting cheaper, and cheaper.

SLICK RICK Where you from? Where you really from?

LISA BODY I toldchu already. A hundred miles from here.

SLICK RICK I know the place a hundred miles from here, and you ain't from there. Now where you from? Where you really from? How many others are there just like you?

-- 104 --

LISA BODY Stop fucking with me old man--

SHEILA Do you want me to smoke his ass?!

LISA BODY Why you sweating me with all these questions?

SLICK RICK All I want is the truth.

LISA BODY Whose truth? Yours? Theirs? Mine? Why is the truth so important? Does the truth say who we are? Where we come from? Does it matter where we come from?

SLICK RICK I need to know the truth about the set you're claiming.

LISA BODY I told you already. . .I'm a free agent.

SLICK RICK You mean--you're a gypsy. A loose gun for hire. An empty shell--anyone can lease--

LISA BODY Not just anyone--'cause I don't come cheap.

SLICK RICK Who you working for now?

LISA BODY I'm on loan to the highest bidder--

SLICK RICK You mean G Roc ain't calling yo' shots?

LISA BODY G Roc--get real. . .my shit's on a whole 'nother level.

SHEILA Let's smoke his ass now, baby! Let's smoke--

-- 105 --

LISA BODY Chill, Sheila--let's fuck with his mind a little longer.

SLICK RICK I know a place much better than this.

LISA BODY Why should I listen to you? Why should I go with you? You ain't nothing but a man, Rick. You ain't even who you say you are?

SLICK RICK But I love you.

SHEILA BUSTS OUT LAUGHING AND MIMES PLAYING THE VIOLIN.

LISA BODY You love me. You say you love me. Maybe you think you love me. But that's no good. That won't do me no good at all. That's worthless to me.

SLICK RICK But it's all that I have.

SHEILA That's all you got, pops?!

LISA BODY Well. . .it ain't enough.

SLICK RICK Lisa. . .listen, you're different from the others.

LISA BODY I'm an animal. . .just like they are. You saw it today.

SLICK RICK What I saw today has nothing to do with the real you.

LISA BODY What is real? Do you have a fucking clue, Rick?

SLICK RICK The mothership is real--

-- 106 --

LISA BODY Get the fuck out of here.

SLICK RICK I'm for real--

LISA BODY Nothing's real. Especially not you. So stop wasting your time, 'cause you're planting seeds in a garden where nothing will ever grow. You keep watering the ground and the ground keeps giving you nothing back. The soil you water turns to stone. . .hard, cold, stone, and your flower garden is a cement garden. . .all your flowers are rocks. You hold the rocks in your hands, deluding yourself. In your eyes these rocks are flowers with the sweetest fragrance, but to everyone else--you just an old fool with nothing but rocks for flowers. You can keep watering that ground all you want old man. But I'm telling you. . .you're wasting your time here.

(A BEAT.)

SHEILA Is he. . .is he. . .is he dead?!

(LAUGHTER.)

LISA BODY Don't be sad old man. . .it was fun while it lasted.

AS SLICK RICK EXITS, SHEILA DROPS TO ONE KNEE. MOCKING HIM.

SHEILA But I love you!!

LISA BODY Shut the fuck up and light a blunt!

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE ON THE SCENE. END OF SCENE.

-- 107 --

Act 2, Scene 5

SCENE FIVE

DAYS LATER. EARLY MORNING. THE LIGHTS FIND B DOG, AND SLICK RICK MOVING BOXES, PREPARING TO MOVE. G ROC AND CANDI ARE BOTH AT THE TABLE, DOING LINES OF COKE. G ROC IS CLEARLY IN A FOUL MOOD.

G ROC I paged those skeezers over an hour ago.

CANDI Maybe they stopped to get they freak on. You know Sheila and Lisa. . .

G ROC Evidently not as well as you do.

CANDI Oh baby. . .I promise you. . .things will be different once we get to L. A. First, I'm gonna check into the Betty Ford clinic and get myself all cleaned up. I'll be the perfect little wife. And then, I'm gonna have your baby and make you the perfect little home. I'm gonna take such good care of you. We'll have as many children as we've got rooms for. And every Sunday, we'll all get in the mini van and we'll go to church.

G ROC Yeah, yeah, yeah and we'll have a white picket fence and a dog and a cat. B Dog git this ho out my face!

CANDI

(TRYING TO SNORT A LINE) Hey, G Roc. . .we ain't gotta go to church if you don't wanna.

G ROC Find her something to do in the back room, Dog.

-- 108 --

B DOG R-r-r-right boss. B DOG ESCORTS CANDI OFF.

SLICK RICK So you getting out the game, man?

G ROC Yep. I'm getting out the game.

SLICK RICK Another player bites the dust.

G ROC I gotta git out 'fore all those player haters cash in my chips. Shit--I've seen and done enough in twenty two years to know, I'm pressing my luck if I don't git out while the gittings good. Now I gotta go back home with my tail dragging between my legs. . .defeated. . .broken.

SLICK RICK It's always hard trying to look little Monster in the eye.

G ROC I'm just worried about looking my mother in the eye.

SLICK RICK Yeah, well. . .I don't know what to tell you there.

G ROC I promised mom, I would always look after Mike. Aw look at me. The gig was up a long time ago. We've been running on empty since forever. L. A. is just doing what shoulda been done a long time ago.

SHEILA AND LISA ENTER.

SHEILA You paged us, G?

G ROC Where have you two love birds been? I paged you over an hour ago.

-- 109 --

LISA BODY What's going on here?

G ROC Little Monster ordered me to hightail it back to L. A. I've got orders to break the set down.

LISA BODY Why?!

G ROC The ends don't justify the means, besides we're losing our shirts here. In fact, we're getting our asses kicked.

LISA BODY Yeah, but me and Sheila about to git stupid busy turning that shit around.

G ROC Look. . .it's too late. L. A. already ordered us closed.

LISA BODY So, what's suppose to happen to us?

G ROC Let's just say we're down-sizing. Reducing the labor force. Big business does it all the time.

LISA BODY You mean, you can just come in here, put me to work, slinging rocks, but just as soon as the numbers fall off, you outta here and I'm ass outta luck--just like that.

G ROC Yep.

G ROC & SLICK RICK Big business does it all the time.

G ROC Six. . .eight months ago, Lisa, I thought this set had a nucleus, a nucleus that would last forever. But now, Ice Pick is gone and my brother is gone and it's just not the same. The game is not the same any more.

-- 110 --

LISA BODY We're short two mothafuckas, so you gitting out the game just like that. Yo' game sho is lame. Fuck that!

LISA PULLS OUT HER GAT.

G ROC What are you doing?

LISA BODY Something I shoulda done a long time ago.

G ROC Are you out of yo' fucking mind?!

LISA BODY Yep. Now gitcho hands up! High in the air!

G ROC Put the gun away you penguin bitch. You've lost yo' fucking mind--you fish face fuck.

SHEILA

(PULLS OUT HER GAT) Don't worry, girlfriend. I got your back.

(SHE PATS DOWN G ROC, THEN RICK, MAKING SURE THEY'RE UNARMED.)

LISA BODY Put your hands up too, Rick! Pat that mothafucka down! Pat him down! I guess you never thought you'd see the day. . .the bitches took over.

SLICK RICK Lisa. . .this is crazy.

LISA BODY Yeah, it's crazy. Everything I do is crazy.

(TO G ROC) Where's B Dog?

G ROC In the backroom with Candi.

-- 111 --

LISA BODY Tell him to come out here! Call 'em both out here!

G ROC

(YELLS) B Dog. . .Candi. . .both of you come here. . .now!

B DOG RE-ENTERS FOLLOWED BY CANDI.

B DOG Y-y-y-you c-called boss.

LISA FREEZES B DOG IN HIS TRACTS, AIMING HER GUN AT HIM.

LISA BODY Hold it, right there, B Dog! Throw your fucking gun on the floor.

CANDI Please don't hurt us!

LISA BODY Shut the fuck up, you toss-up bitch! Throw yo' fucking gun on the floor B Dog. I ain't got all day!

B DOG REACHES INTO AN ANKLE HOLSTER AND TOSSES A TWENTY-TWO TO THE FLOOR.

LISA BODY Kick it over here. Kick it over here!

B DOG KICKS THE GUN ACROSS THE FLOOR.

SHEILA Give the gun to Candi. . .let Candi use it.

LISA BODY Fuck Candi! This is what I think of that toss-up bitch!

(LISA SHOOTS CANDI, KILLING HER.)

SHEILA

(LAUGHS) What the fuck you do that for?

-- 112 --

G ROC I thought Candi was your friend?

LISA BODY I have no respect for a bitch living on her back! And even less respect for the men who put her there.

SLICK RICK Lisa, baby. . .you're going against the code--you're going against the laws of hip hop--

LISA BODY I'll take yo' hip hop and flip flop and put you in a zip lock--

SHEILA SUDDENLY STEPS TO G ROC, AND PUTS A GLOCK IN HIS MOUTH. SHE GETS HIM DOWN ON THE FLOOR, GAGGING ON HER GLOCK.

SHEILA Suck on my glock, mothafucka!! Who's the bitch now, mothafucka--who's the bitch now?!

(BEAT) I can't hear you, bitch--did you say something?!

LISA BODY With the pen I'm extreme--

SHEILA Should I blow his fucking brains out! Should I blow his fucking brains out! I could splatter yo' brain--drain yo' blood down a drain. Dropped a tab of window pain--

LISA BODY Vitamin C to me--

SHEILA And I'm feeling quite insane, wid this urge to peel a cap taking over me--let me lead poison ya--

LISA BODY I'm making up the rules--putting quarter holes in fools

-- 113 --

SHEILA Oh no--this mothafucka done shitted in his pants!

SHEILA KICKS G ROC, GAINING A CRAZED MOMENTUM WITH EACH STOMP DOWN ON HIS LIMBS. THEN SHE SHOOTS HIM, KILLING G ROC, LEAVING HIM DEAD.

B DOG D-d-damn!

SHEILA

(TO B DOG) Is he--is he--is he dead?!

SHEILA TAKES HER GUN AND SHOOTS B DOG, HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, DEAD, NEXT TO G ROC.

SLICK RICK Where you from? Where you really from?

LISA BODY No place on this earth.

SLICK RICK Then put the gun down.

LISA BODY No.

SLICK RICK Put it down--you can't shoot your way out of everything.

LISA BODY I don't see why not. I've got the gun.

SLICK RICK Look at the two of you.

LISA BODY Yep. Look at us. Your creations.

SLICK RICK How did you ever git this way?

LISA BODY You know how we got this way. You made us this way. You wanna battle. . .now let's battle.

-- 114 --

SLICK RICK I ain't got the heart. . .ain't got the stamina. Everythang is turning in on me sideways. The fight for purity has left me empty. I almost feel as empty as you.

LISA BODY Everything is hip--I'm still clocking chips.

SLICK RICK You can't tell a profit from a prophet. You're clocking minor figures--when you could be in the majors. But there's so much shame to yo' game, fame will avoid your name. Your greed will double cross you, when the mighty ocean tosses you, and you crawl on the beach like a crab in heat. Forty four days without sleep. Your eyes are too tired to weep. Men will try to steal the secrets from your eyes. They will imitate your voice, and they will sell everything that is you on the auction block. You're livestock in a sadistic minstrel show--you played yourself like one of massa's ho's. Some young buck will put the lead on you--king fed on you, as calamities will rain upon your head like a shower--a shower of falling stars. Everything you touch will die. . .everything you try will fail--your life is eternal hell. Despair shall mark thy days and loneliness shall mark thy nights. You will look for peace and never find it.

LISA RAISES HERS GUN AND SHOOTS SLICK RICK, ONCE. HE FALLS TO THE GROUND IN A HEAP. SHEILA STANDS, TOWERING OVER ALL THE SLUMPED BODIES, GLARING HATEFULLY OUT AT THE AUDIENCE. A SOLITARY LIGHT REMAINS FIXED ON LISA, AS SHE COMES DOWNSTAGE, STILL BRANDISHING HER WEAPON, SHE GOES DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

-- 115 --

LISA BODY If I may stumble upon you in this garden. . .in this alien garden, if our paths happen to ever cross, please be warned. I will come with my army and I will bring the Crip Nation into your opulent palaces. I will order my army to take away your riches and your spoils. My army will spoil your saved daughters and destroy all your sons. And you--you shall be taken from your palace of leisure and thrown into the streets, where you will be beaten--for all to see. . .and you, shall be left there--to make it on your own, in these same streets, where you first left me. You must study the code of the streets. You must learn and understand the treachery, because if you believe in things you don't understand you'll suffer. And you shall suffer, for I will see to it, that you suffer as I snatch your eyes from your skull and leave you blinded in the worst part of town. I will leave you as you have left me. And you will crawl through these streets. . .like a dog you will crawl, with your head bowed, half blind, half dead, unfed, you shall roam these streets on your knees, or slither like a worm on your belly, existing like a maggot on a festering piece of meat. And so it shall be with you and your chaos, first born from sweetness, in kinder, gentler times. . .

LISA TURNS AROUND AND SEES THE SLUMPED DEAD BODIES, AS IF SEEING THEM FOR THE FIRST TIME. SHE SLOWLY WALKS AMONGST THE BODIES, IN A CONFUSED, STATE OF SHOCK, AS IF TRYING TO JAR HER MEMORY.

-- 116 --

LISA BODY As for this shit here. . .all these killings. This had to happen. They had to be sacrificed. . .for the Mothership. See, I am the mothership.

SHEILA

(IN THE BACKGROUND/IN DARKNESS) And you know this, ma-a-ann!

LISA BODY And they say/you can hear it/in our music. And they say. . .you can hear it. . .in our music.

LISA BODY WEARILY MOVES TO THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, STANDING ON THE LIP OF THE STAGE, SHE LOOKS UP INTO THE HEAVENS AND STARTS SINGING.

LISA BODY

(SINGS) Swing down sweet chariot, stop and let me ride. Swing down sweet chariot stop and let me ride. . . Swing down sweet chariot stop and let me ride. . . Swing down sweet chariot stop and let me ride. . .

AS SHE KEEPS SINGING, SHE EXTENDS HER ARMS, LOOKING LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A CRUXIFIX AND A CAGED BIRD SPREADING ITS WINGS. THE STAGE LIGHTS BECOME EXTREMELY BRIGHT, AN OTHER WORLD HARSHNESS TO THE INTENSITY OF THE LIGHTS SHOULD BE ALMOST UNBEARABLE AS LISA BODY STANDS THERE, WAITING TO BE BEAMED UP INTO THE MOTHERSHIP. SHE DISAPPEARS, SWALLOWED BY THE LIGHT.

LIGHT OUT/WHITE OUT

THE END